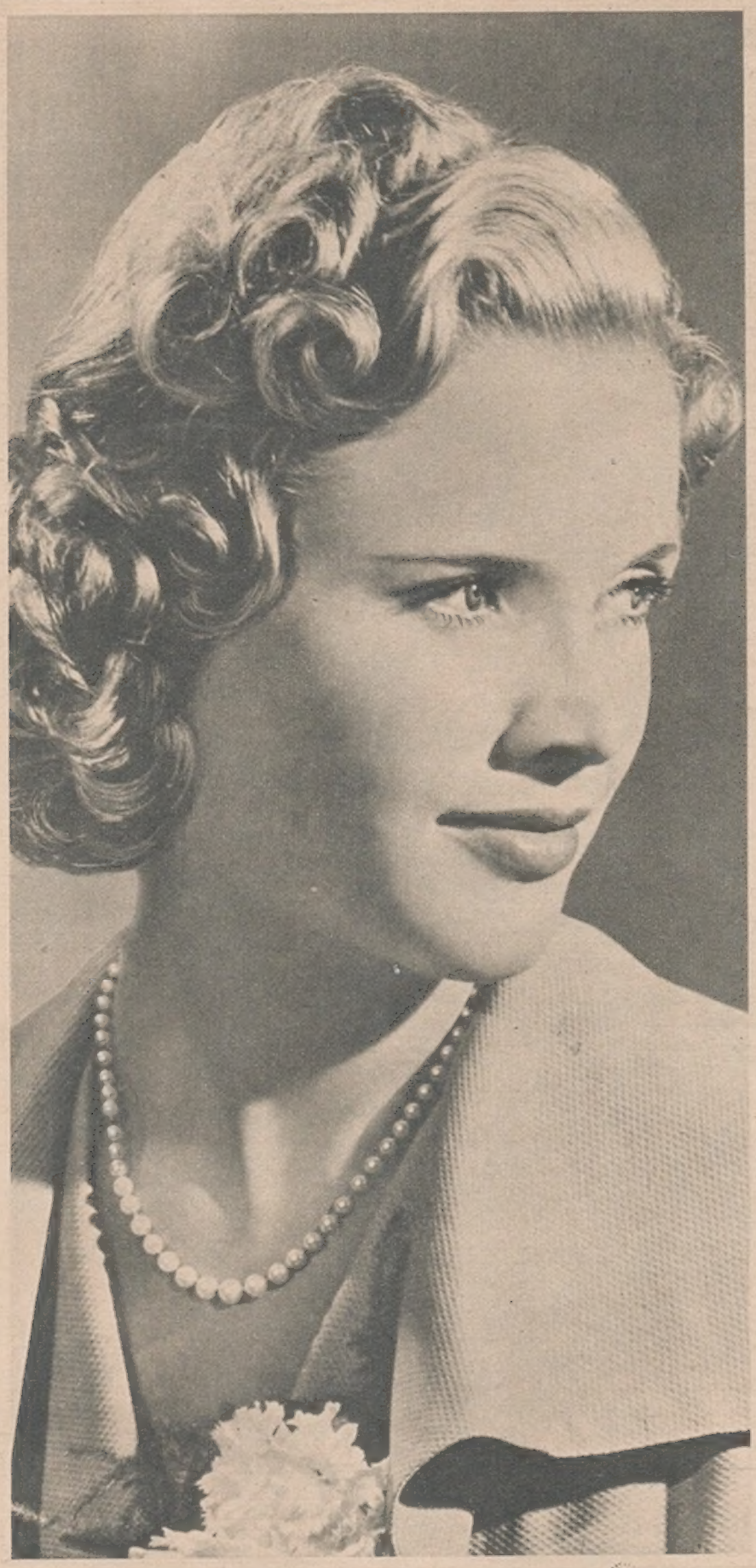
Week ending December 16 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

Lawrence Earl's Amethyst best-seller

YANGTSE INCIDENT: THE COMMUNISTS CLOSE IN

New Martha Albrand serial—
"The Desperate Woman"



Just like having naturally wavy hair

The young stars are simply delighted with this home perm—and you will be, too. Lovely, natural-looking, lasting waves at a fraction of the usual cost of a perm.

THIS Christmastime, you can have the loveliest permanent wave you have ever had in your life!

What's more, it will cost you, not guineas, but shillings merely. And you won't have to find several hours to spare on a busy weekday in the busiest season of the year.

For you can give yourself a Pin-Up perm *at home*—in the evening, at the week-end, whenever you find it most convenient.

You don't have to be an expert!

Don't imagine it requires professional skill. Not a bit! Anyone who can put her hair up in curlers can do it. If you like, ask a friend to help wind the back curls—you'll find it's fun doing it together. The Pin-Up instructions are clear and easy to follow.

You'll be overjoyed with the results! No frizz. None of that awful "just-had-a-perm" feeling. From the very start, Pin-Up gives you a soft wave that looks, feels and sets like naturally wavy hair—and lasts until the hair grows out.

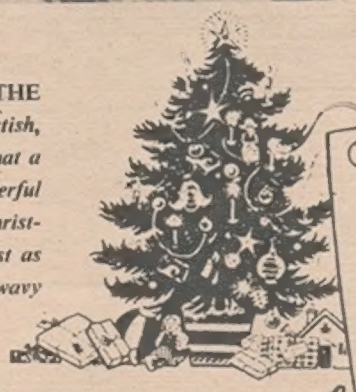
After all, why do all the loveliest young film stars have Pin-Up perms? Simply because Pin-Up gives them the softest, most natural wave it is possible to get by any method, at any price!

LANA MORRIS—*have you seen her in* THE WOMAN IN QUESTION?—*wears her dramatic dark hair in soft and lovely waves. "They're due to Pin-Up," she says. "Having a Pin-Up is like having been born with naturally wavy hair. Never any frizz!"*

JOAN RICE, *shortly to be seen in* THE BLACKMAILER, *favours a neat and softly waved hair style. She says "My Pin-Up perm has lasted for simply months and it's absolutely no trouble at all to set."*

HONOR BLACKMAN

Soon to be seen in GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, *wears her blonde hair shortish, curled close to the head. "I've found that a Pin-Up home perm gives such wonderful results," she says, "What a splendid Christmas gift Pin-Up would make! It's just as though I had been born with naturally wavy hair."*



What nicer Christmas gift than a Pin-Up perm?

What more acceptable Christmas present could there be than Pin-Up in its Christmas party dress? For the short cut or end curls:

JUNIOR SIZE, complete with curlers 3/8
REFILL, everything except the curlers, for a whole-head perm 5/6
POPULAR, with flexible curlers 7/4
For a whole head perm, SALON-TYPE, with plastic curlers, for a whole-head perm .. 11/-

Softer, more natural waves with Pin-Up

(PIN 48-80)

EDITORIAL

Facts behind the doctors' "strike" threat

THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE began over two years ago. Many doctors entered the service reluctantly. Now there is talk of a doctors' "strike."

General practitioners have the power to sign certificates which enable N.H.S. patients to get National Insurance grants—sick pay. To enforce their own claim on the Ministry of Health for higher pay, some doctors talk of withholding these certificates from their patients.

This threat arises from a long-drawn-out dispute. The facts are simple enough.

The Government and the doctors agreed to accept the Spens Committee recommendations on what doctors should be paid. A difference of opinion then occurred about the rise in the cost of living. The Spens figures were all based on 1939 costs, and everyone knows the cost of living has risen since 1939. But by how much? The British Medical Association says by seventy per cent or more. The Government says seventy per cent is too high a figure—far too high.

When industrial workers want higher pay their trade unions can call a strike as a last resort. The B.M.A. is not a trade union and cannot legally take strike action.

To get over this difficulty the B.M.A. created a year ago the British Medical Guild, which has the same set-up as the B.M.A. but is able to call a doctors' strike if it wishes.

It is the Guild which is now asking all G.P.s to sign a form of resignation from the National Health Service. Resignation will not be made effective unless at least eighty per cent of doctors sign these forms.

IF the dispute with the Ministry about pay is not settled and if eighty per cent of G.P.s are in earnest then the doctors' "strike" will be on.

It will be a curious sort of "strike." All the doctors will go on looking after all their patients. But instead of being paid by the Government they will hope to be paid by their patients.

This may worry some patients but it will not necessarily shake Mr. Bevan. Because of this some hot-headed doctors would tie up "strike action" with the withholding of certificates.

Here the Guild and the B.M.A. are on dangerous ground. Denying to their patients the sick pay they are entitled to would immediately turn public opinion against them.

Those doctors with small lists of patients have a real grievance about their pay. But their case will surely not be helped by any action which penalizes the public.

Fortunately, there is hope that wiser counsels will prevail. The Government is conducting two big inquiries: one into the pay actually received by N.H.S. doctors in the year ended March 31, 1950; another into the detailed practice expenses of 3,000 doctors.

These inquiries will be completed early next year and the B.M.A. is co-operating with the Ministry in seeking to establish the real facts.

Once these facts are known the Government may increase the pay of those doctors who have suffered a loss of income under the N.H.S. But even if the Treasury does not agree to such an increase, there should be no talk of "strike action."

The Government has made available enough money to ensure that most doctors are adequately paid. Only the doctors with fewer than 1,000 patients are really badly off.

WHY not pay more per head for the first 1,000 patients on a doctor's list and less for any patients over 3,000? Then the big-list doctors might cut their lists and have time to give better service, while the small-list doctors would be better paid.

If the B.M.A. really pressed for some scheme such as this, the Government would almost certainly accept it. The money available would then be more evenly distributed and both doctors and patients would be better off.

Patients get the best service from doctors with fewer than 3,000 patients — and it is these doctors who, on the present flat capitation rate, are the worst off!

The B.M.A. has a good case for a more equitable distribution of N.H.S. funds. There may be a case for more money from the Treasury—a bigger allowance for the rise in the cost of living. That will be known when the fact-finding inquiries are completed.

But there is no case at all for withholding sick pay from people who need it. The doctors who loudly advocate the withholding of certificates need to cool off. Their attitude might make the public forget the good work done by the majority of responsible G.P.s in overcoming the early difficulties of the National Health Service.

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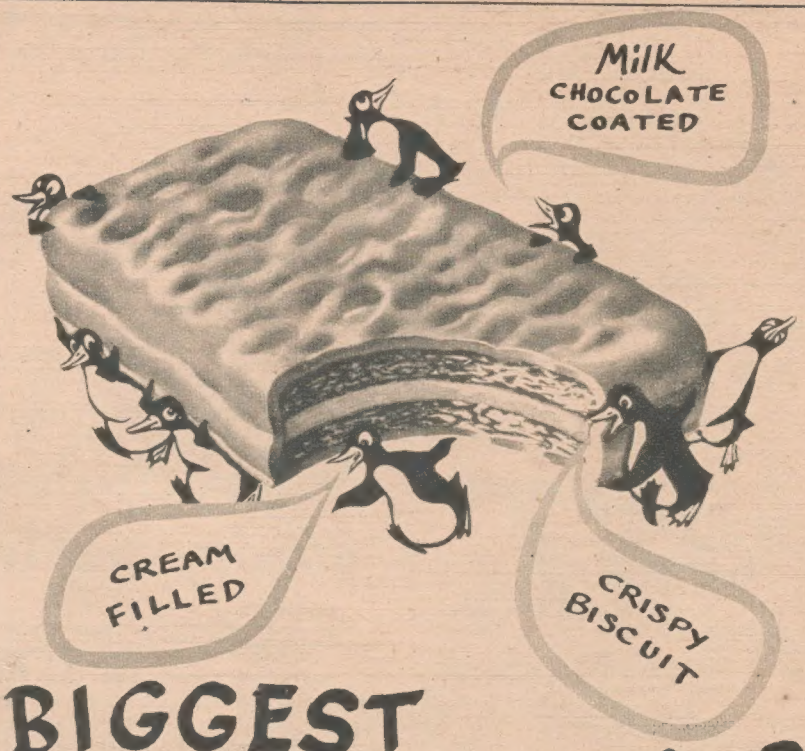

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DOES YOUR HAIR SHINE with radiant, healthy sheen? It *can!* But first it must be *really* clean—and this means choosing your shampoo carefully.

Not only does 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo clean your hair thoroughly, but it rinses away completely. It leaves no film to dull your hair's brilliance or spoil its natural silken sheen.

Try 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo now! You'll find it leaves your hair gloriously bright and far easier to manage than ever before. It's good for your hair—it's a 'Vaseline' Brand product.

Buy a packet now! Price 5d., including tax.

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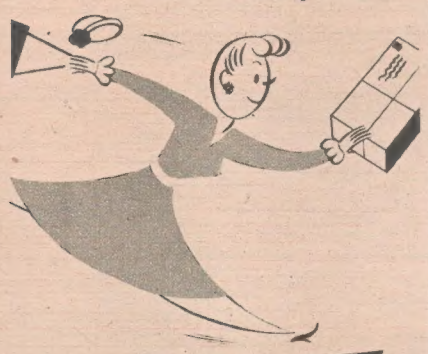

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TOOTHPASTE
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

FREE SPEECH

The two rooms (h. and c.) that nobody wants

BECAUSE I HAVE a six-roomed house, I thought of letting two rooms furnished, with hot and cold water and cooking facilities, at £1 a week. So I advertised twice.

The first person to call did not like the colour of the walls (cream). The second disliked the composition floor (although it was covered with lino). The third said the house was too far away from the church (one mile). The fourth objected to the road leading to the house (although the council had already started to repair it). The fifth liked the rooms, but didn't take them because they were not facing south.

I decided to ask for smaller accommodation for myself, and was told by the housing manager: "If it's too large for you, lock up the rooms you don't need." After this experience I don't wonder that there are so many people homeless today.—N. B., Sussex.

Atom Pioneers

HARRY HOPKINS DID NOT, I think, do justice to Henri Bequerel when he referred to the discovery of radio-activity in his JOHN BULL series on atomic energy. First to observe the fogging of photographic plates by uranium salts was apparently N. de Saint-Victor in 1867; Bequerel, member of a distinguished family of scientists, made a more detailed investigation of the effect. There certainly seems to be little evidence of accident in the work he accomplished.—W. C., Birmingham.

. . . The picture with the first article shows the grotesque outfit worn by a worker at Harwell — rubber gloves, rubber suit, rubber boots, respirator and cap. But his ears are unprotected. Are they immune from radio-activity?—LAWRENCE MCINTYRE, 1 Hill Top Walk, Keighley, Yorks.

. . . How are the liquid wastes which pour out on to the ocean bed going to affect the sea water and the fish which swim in it?—MRS. J. C. MATHEWS, 16 Strawberry Mount, Armley, Leeds.

The Ministry of Supply says: "Atom workers at Harwell do not normally cover their ears, for radio-activity doesn't strike so strongly around the head—between the shoulders and knees is the most vulnerable part of the body. Fish won't be affected by the waste materials poured into the ocean as any dangerous substances are stored, not thrown away, and the rest is carefully filtered."

Cat Query And Theory

CAN ANYONE EXPLAIN WHY our two cats, Neb and Deb, will never answer to their names, but will always come running when we call "Puss"? — G. GREGORY, London, W.1.

. . . A friend was conducting some novel experiments with his pet cat. Going through the alphabet from A to Z he demonstrated that a cat seems to hear only the sibilant sounds such as "ess," "zed" and "see." His theory is that if all the letters of the alphabet could be translated into sibilants, cats could not only understand us, but learn to imitate and talk to us. — REV. N. GRIFFITHS, Gorffwysfa, Tanygrisiau, Blaenau Ffestiniog, Merionethshire, North Wales.

Fair Repairs

NO FORM OF PRICE CONTROL for watch repairs, as suggested by A. C. Porter ("Free Speech," November 25), can protect the public from the dishonest watchmaker. But people can protect themselves in the following ways. Do not hand your watch to Mr. Jones's bus driver brother-in-law who "dabbles a bit in watches in his spare time." Go to an established watchmaker, one who displays a diploma as a member of the B.H.I. (British Horological Institute), the B.W. and C. Guild (British Watch and Clockmakers' Guild) or another horological institute.

Such a specialist will gladly give you an estimate of repairs required.—WATCHMAKER, Glasgow.

Man With Bamboo Wings

AN HUNGARIAN HAIRDRESSER in business in London, who was a lodger in my parents' house, used to practise flying like the character in David Walker's story ("I Do Fly," November 18). Adjoining our house was a large field

Raj Ram: his flight was an author's fancy

where he took his wings—split bamboos, three and a half feet long and two feet wide, held together by slight steel straps.—B. WINGETT, 5 Camden Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

. . . Kids have tumbled and hurt themselves after watching stage flying in *Peter Pan*, so I think they should be warned that self-propelled flight is physically impossible, even for a man as strong armed as David Walker's Raj Ram. Birds have a relatively tremendous depth of breast bone for anchoring the pectoral muscles that actuate their wings, but scientists have calculated that to fly in bird fashion with artificial wings such as Raj Ram used, a man would need a chest four or five feet thick from back to front. —JOHN HOLMES, Essex.

C.D.: Who's To Blame?

WHAT IS WRONG WITH Civil Defence recruiting? You say that, "judging by results, the appeals to the public have failed" (JOHN BULL Editorial, November 18). I served in the Grenadier Guards in the first World War, in the A.F.S. and then the N.F.S. in the last war. When Korea flamed up I applied to the local authority to join Civil Defence. I heard nothing for two months until I received an application form, which I completed and returned. I am still waiting to know if I have been accepted. Is it the public or the local authorities who have failed?—S. B. LORD, 18 Pye Avenue, Mapplewell, Barnsley, Yorks.

. . . How can the Government expect a response from the public when C.D. propaganda reflects a lack of urgency? Surely this is a matter, not for non-urgent pleas like "The Time To Come Forward Is Now," but for rousing shock tactics, a call to arms.—D. M. BROWN, 56 Tyndale Street, Western Park, Leicester.

Family Of Harpists

AS A DESCENDANT of a noted old Welsh family of harpists, I would like to point out that the instrument played by Marie Korchinska in the B.B.C. programme *Welsh Rarebit* is not a Welsh harp ("Hit Programme Without A Star," November 25). The Welsh national harp has a triple row of strings, which makes it more difficult to play. I doubt if there are half a dozen Welsh harps in existence fit to be played; my grandfather's instrument is now in Cardiff Museum. — MISS DOROTHY ROBERTS, Trefellyn, High Street, Towyn, Merionethshire, North Wales.

Miss Roberts refers to the phrase in Norman Phillips's article which stated that Mai Jones, producer of "Welsh Rarebit," found "a Russian woman to provide the essential Welsh harp accompaniment." Here the word "Welsh" described the harp accompaniment, not the harp alone. Madame Korchinska's harp, shown in one of the photographs published with the article, is of the usual orchestral type, with a single row of strings.

Shrunk To The Limit

I WORK FOR A FIRM OF textile manufacturers and don't agree with E. E. Wydell's statement that cloth is not shrunk by the manufacturer these days ("Free Speech," November 11). All of our suitings, wool gaberdines for raincoats and even certain women's dress materials are shrunk before dispatch. But it would not be practicable to make the artificial shrinkage of all cloth compulsory. Material shrunk artificially is reduced only to the extent of its natural limits—in the case of worsted or rayon cloth, there's no limit to the amount of shrinking it would take.—T. P. HOSKER, 27 Top Row, Armitage Bridge, Huddersfield, Yorks.

Santa's Unlucky Dip

MANY SHOPS EMPLOY A Santa Claus who sells surprise dips for children. I gave two shillings for one for my little girl, who could hardly wait until she got home to unwrap it. It turned out to be an embroidery set, but the needles were rusty, the silks rotten and the inside of the box was wet. Is this the way shops get rid of unsold stock?—F. F. H., Leicestershire.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

COVER artist Gilbert Wilkinson says: "Clowns have always fascinated me. At the Bertram Mills Christmas show and other circuses up and down the country, I've watched and made studies of them, on and off the stage. A comic red nose and a false forehead may seem incongruous with a chess board but, believe me, the clown plays a thoughtful game and his chess is often of a high standard."

On 25-12-50 give 4-7-11

WITH ANY GIFT HALL-MARKED 'FOUR-SEVEN-ELEVEN' YOU ARE SURE TO BE RIGHT . . . whether her age be seventeen or seventy. Priced for very special giving or as a fragrant greeting to a wider circle.

No.4711 EAU DE COLOGNE Perfection in Eau de Cologne . . . the ideal choice for her because it does not clash with any other perfume. Handbag size **4/-**. Standard sizes **7/8** to **37/6**. Wickered Bottles **21/-** and **40/-**.

'TOSCA' *Perfumed* EAU DE COLOGNE combines the freshness of '4711' with the lasting perfume of 'Tosca'. Bottles **3/-**, **5/11** and **11/-**.

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BATH SALTS *(Crystals or Cubes)* Perfumed with Eau de Cologne, 'Tosca' or Rhine Lavender. Boxes—single fragrance or assorted—**4/-** each. Bottles **7/6** each.

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THERE ARE MANY MORE 'FOUR-SEVEN-ELEVEN' BEAUTY AIDS TO CHOOSE FROM IN THE SHOPS. THEY ALL MAKE DELIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

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Biro ballpoint pens

The day of pretty but, alas, too often useless knick-knacks has gone. Christmas gifts this year must be practical and useful as well as pleasing in appearance and high in quality. Whatever amount you have in mind to spend you will find amongst the Biro range a model that fulfills your most exacting requirements in every way.

AT **£5·15·0**

BIRO DE LUXE

On your list there are one or more names that need something outstanding — and for these choose Biro de Luxe. It is a superb example of fine British craftsmanship and quality. The gold on solid silver cap, clip and mountings are styled by Asprey's of Bond Street. The cases are in lovely tones of grey or maroon or if preferred deep black. Biro de Luxe gives real meaning to the words "de luxe."

BIROMATIC

Biromatic is a pen with a special appeal. The ballpoint is hidden in the case. Gentle pressure on the end stud brings it into the writing position. Biromatic is ideal for busy people and makes a really attractive gift.

AT **£2·5·0**
Rolled Gold
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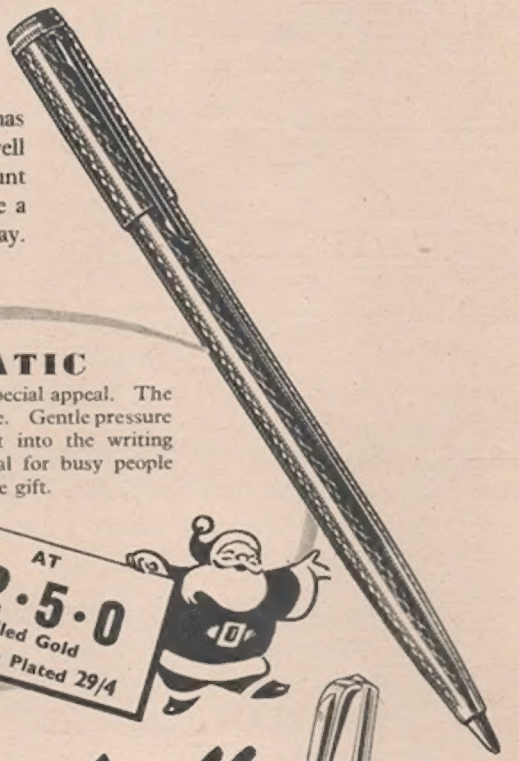

The most acceptable gifts of all

AT **19/3**

BIRO MINOR SET
FOUR COLOURS WITH STAND

A set of Biro Minors is a modern essential in offices, shops and workplaces of all kinds. Four colours with inks to match the cases—red, green, blue, black. The Handy Stand racks them neatly and keeps them tidily within reach. If you are seeking a thoroughly practical gift for business people, Biro Minor exactly fits your need.

Single Biro Minors—
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Handy Stand—2 9

BIRO

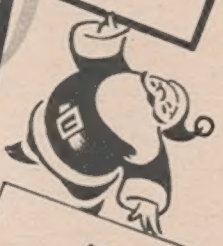
The famous Biro, which has proved its popularity all over the world makes a gift that everybody admires and appreciates. Obtainable with cases in grey, maroon or black with matching plastic cap.

AT **17/6**

BIRO "15"

This very beautiful pen is perfect for people whose work or pleasure involves a great deal of writing. It is a popular model with journalists, bankers, lawyers and clerical workers generally. Graceful lines are enhanced by a cap and clip of oronite which will not tarnish or wear. Cases are made in a pleasing shade of deep cerise. Biro "15" —a pen that looks well dressed and stays well dressed throughout its life.

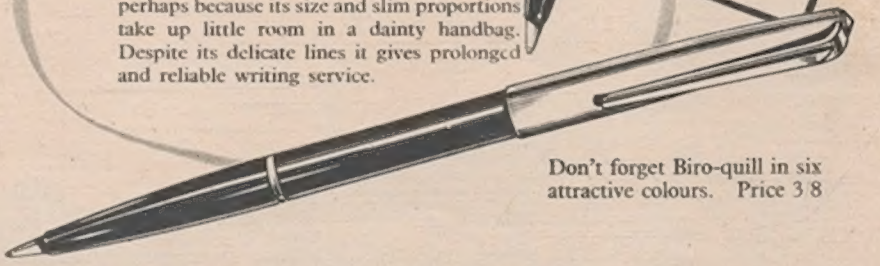
AT **22/6**



AT **9/2**

BIROETTE

This slim, graceful pen is much admired by ladies. This is partly because it has grace and charm with blue, grey, maroon or black cases and caps of silvery argenite, but even more perhaps because its size and slim proportions take up little room in a dainty handbag. Despite its delicate lines it gives prolonged and reliable writing service.



Don't forget Biro-quill in six attractive colours. Price 3 8

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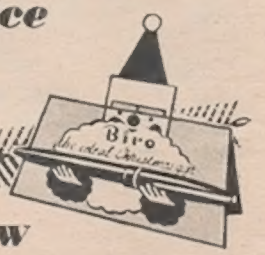


LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY IN YOUR DEALER'S WINDOW

Murder in Navarre

by ***W. E. ARMSTRONG***

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD LAMPITT

Four figures walk through a field of maize. A man watches from the hillside. . . . That was the picture at the moment before the murder

IT WAS THE OPENING DAY of the shooting season, and as he slipped two cartridges in his gun and clicked the catch to "safe," Inspector Vincent Vicq, of the Sûreté Général, was determined to enjoy every moment of it.

There was every reason why he should. He had nothing on his mind; things had been very quiet in Navarreaux. They were a law-abiding people, these Béarnais, thought the inspector; a hard-working, decent lot, more interested in their maize, cattle and wine than in burglary or knocking each other on the head. Quite a change, after Bordeaux, where the station telephone never stopped announcing battle, murder and sudden death.

Of course, it was a backwater here. But it was a step forward. He was in charge, his own master; if he avoided making a fool of himself he could count on quick promotion. And there was the shooting. Still, he would not say no to a mild investigation; something to keep his hand in and make them remember him at headquarters. Some neat, distinctive little case that might help to add the word "Detective" to his rank. The inspector was ambitious.

But, he prayed, let it not be today. Today was sacred, as his dog reminded him, jumping up to nuzzle his hands and the butt of his gun. Where should he start? Vicq asked himself as he looked down the valley. He was standing on a rise. Before him, very clear in the soft autumn morning, was the peaceful parish of Orbois. It was still early, little past seven o'clock; the sun had not quite drained the mist from the water meadows that lay, a green collar, round the sweep of the River Garve.

This was a country of maize fields and vineyards, chequered sparsely with squares of purple clover and brown stubble. A wide, rich country, lushly hedged, which was bounded, on the inspector's left, by a poplar-tufted ridge, and on his right, twenty miles southwards, by the shapely horizon of the Pyrenees.

Directly in front of him, a thousand yards distant, was the village of Orbois, in the tower of whose squat, black-flinted church the matins bell was tolling. Men were already at work in the fields; dogs were barking cattle to the pastures, and from the road, hidden by the high maize stalks, came the creaking of bullock carts and the hoarse "Hue, hue" of the drivers.

Early as he was, the inspector was not to have the first quail of the season. He had heard more than half a dozen shots as he drove along the lanes from Navarreaux. That was comforting; it meant that the quail were in. Although, he reflected, with a tinge of patronage, these country fellows were liable to let fly at anything. One

Continued on page 25

India's Iron Dictator

by ROBERT JACKSON

Twelve maharajas once tried to talk on equal terms to Sardar Patel. Half an hour later they quit the room, shaking. Yet this "snow-covered volcano" has manners as gentle as a cat's

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE was on his feet addressing the court on that summer afternoon. The air was stifling, as it is in India just before the monsoon breaks, but no one thought of dozing, not even the blasé officials who had been listening to the case without much interest for two days. Counsel, an angry, impatient, bearded young man, had already clashed with the British judge. His clerk gently tugged at his gown. Counsel checked his argument and frowned heavily. The clerk handed him a telegram. Counsel ripped it open, read it, thrust it into his pocket, and in his deep, persuasive voice remarked: "As I was saying, m'lud. . . ."

Without the slightest change in his demeanour, counsel picked up the thread of his argument and, all through the hot afternoon, continued his address on behalf of the defendant. "The telegram?" he answered one of his closest friends sadly when the court rose. "It said my wife had just died."

Most Powerful Man In Asia?

In those days, the young counsel's name was scarcely known outside his own province of Gujerat, but there they spoke with awe of Vallabhbhai Javerbhai Patel. Today, beyond the shores of India and Pakistan, the name still awakens no more than a flicker of interest. But on the sub-continent of India, mention Patel and at once you inspire respect, fear and even hatred. At seventy-five, Sardar Patel, the bald and stocky Deputy Prime Minister of India, is the most powerful man in his country, and perhaps in all Asia.

Not without reason, they have called Patel India's iron dictator. The Pakistanis blame him for most of their woes and see him as the evil genius behind all the religious troubles and trade and financial difficulties between the two countries. The Indians themselves temper their admiration with wonder. The motley and simple Congressmen love the Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, for his intellect, his humanity, his oratory and his power to translate the old Gandhian precepts into moving but new and simple language. They respect Patel for his organizing ability, his realism and his ruthlessness. Though respect can go near to idolatry in India, it stops short in Patel's case; the respect is always laced with a certain amount of fear.

Between them, Nehru and Patel have carried India through the first three difficult years of her self-governing life. At intervals, rumours crop up of differences between the Prime Minister and his deputy, but Gandhi, who admired both his lieutenants, once said that the two men were so different that they would always need each other. When the great man died at prayer in 1948, Patel quelled rumours of a tussle for power by saying: "Nehru and I have worked together for thirty years and we are not going to part now. We have shared the same struggles, the same successes and the same sorrows, and we should not like to go on without each other."

In qualities, Patel and Nehru are, as Gandhi saw, almost exactly complementary. While Nehru has travelled abroad and met the world's leaders on equal terms, Vallabhbhai Patel has remained ankle deep in India's loose, friable soil. Nehru, from his vast overall political experience, provides the broad, imaginative policy; Patel makes it work. Nehru is the façade; Patel, the organizer, is the man who sits in the back room. At India's present stage of development, both are necessary to the nation.

The late Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, whose caustic tongue unhappily no longer whip-lashes through Indian political life, once said that Patel was a rough diamond in an iron casket. Later, after watching the Sardar—an Indian honorific word for "leader"—control his wrath but nevertheless rout his opponents, she compared him to a snow-covered volcano. For all his fire and brimstone, Sardar Patel has manners as gentle as a cat's, especially when sitting at ease in his tasteful drawing-room.

In appearance, Sardar Patel differs greatly from Nehru. While Nehru, in his sixties, is handsome and neatly dressed, Patel has craggy features, shambles rather than walks, and dresses, just as Gandhi did, in spotless but shapeless homespun cloth and shawl. People used to say, when the Sardar was in his heyday winning battles for Congress, that he never smiled because it would have hurt his face. Today his smiles are still rare—but he has a sense of humour which is as pawky as a Lancashire millworker's.

Vallabhbhai Patel, a farmer's son, brother of the first Indian Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, had a conventional Indian middle-class upbringing. He became a lawyer in the state of Gujerat, made enough money to keep alive while he read for the English Bar, and returned to India with a Western outlook, a taste for fine clothes, a hearty contempt for Congress nationalists, and plenty of self-assurance.

He Watched Congress Annas

"Who is that fellow with the spindly legs?" asked young Patel, as he looked up from the card table in an Ahmadabad club and watched Gandhi pass in the street. He guffawed when he heard about the doctrine of non-violence a little later. "Violence is all the British understand," he said. But before long Patel was following Gandhi—if not blindly, at least loyally.

Patel, whose relatives still run a highly successful car-importing business in Bombay, was different from most of the men who formed Gandhi's entourage. He was inspired by patriotic motives, no doubt, but there was no trace of mysticism in *his* make-up. Others would spend the long, airless nights in talk; Patel passed the time adding up Congress annas—or, in the first poverty-stricken days, the pice, which are the Indian equivalent of farthings. He cultivated the rich Bombay industrialists, who supported Congress because they believed that, with the British yoke broken, they would have a wider field for exploitation. But they never took Patel in, and when he spoke to Gujerat farmers about them, he often could not conceal his contempt.

While in public Patel might castigate the rich, in private he did not disdain their rupees for Congress. In those days, when he was feeling his way in Congress circles, many of the idealists round Gandhi did not know the value of money.

Rich Indians Trusted Him

Once, in one of his rare weak moments, Patel gave a well-known English supporter of Gandhi a ten-rupee note. The ever-watchful Gandhi exploded. "Don't give him another pice. He's so vague with money. He'll give it to the first beggar he meets down the road." Patel did not repeat his mistake; the rich Indians, trusting him to see that every penny was put to good use, kept Gandhi going with fat donations.

In the early days of Patel's association with Gandhi, another incident made him resolve to become Gandhi's right-hand man and, *ex officio*, one of the powerful inner circle. In the crush after a meeting of the Congress Working Committee, Patel became separated from Gandhi. Over-zealous supporters, not recognizing the young up-country lawyer, refused to let him pass into Gandhi's exclusive committee room. That

"Nehru and I are not going to part now," said Patel. He is the organizer, Nehru is the thinker

Respect for Sardar Patel stops short of idolatry. The respect is always laced with fear

day, without Patel, important Congress decisions were taken. It never happened again. From then, Patel had one aim: to become known to every Congress worker, and therefore indispensable to Gandhi. His life was devoted to building up and dominating the party machine. Gandhi took all the decisions. Patel, the party boss, executed them.

All through the troubled years from 1935 until 1942, when the British authorities arrested every prominent Congress leader, Patel kept Congress up to the mark, politically and administratively. He appointed every single minister in Congress governments of seven out of eleven Indian provinces, and, even when in jail with other leaders, he never relaxed his tight hold on the party machine. In the Indian Government today there is not a single minister who has not passed the Sardar's scrutiny.

All his life a hard worker, Patel carries a heavier load in his old age than most of the world's statesmen. He acts as Nehru's deputy during the Prime Minister's frequent tours of India, and has kept for himself the portfolios of Home Affairs—which includes Information and Broadcasting—and of the Princely States. The Sardar staked out his claim for the Ministry of States with almost ghoulish relish soon after Partition. He had never liked the Indian princes, chiefly because many had banned Congress as being too troublesome in matters of reform.

As soon as the British quit, most of the princes, who were then all nominally free to seek alliance with either India or Pakistan, chose India. A few were recalcitrant. The few had to be "persuaded" and, in all except one or two states, urgent reforms had to be organized in place of the medieval set-ups. The Sardar pored over a map of what was once called "British India" and pointed to the various states, dotted about as haphazardly as currants in a teacake. "India needs a little plastic surgery—and I am a good plastic surgeon," he said happily.

When the news spread that the Sardar was in charge of princely affairs, the princes fell over each other in an effort to get into Patel's office. Twelve wavering princes met him at Nagpur and tried to talk on equal terms. They left the room shaking, after half an hour.

Within weeks, Patel's surgery had shown results. He had redrawn the map of India. From the former Viceregal Lodge, Dr. Rajendra Prasad watched admiringly and called the process a miracle. Without a trace of sarcasm, the President announced that the operation of transferring Princely India to the Congress Indian Union had been achieved with record speed "in a peaceful and non-violent manner, and with the mutual consent of the rulers and the ruled."

The Sardar Shook His Head

Patel is a listener rather than a talker, which is unusual in India. Years ago, when the Sardar's habit was to rise early and take a long walk before breakfast, a colleague accosted him just as he was setting out. The colleague wished to explain a scheme which needed the Sardar's approval. "Come with me," invited Patel.

The men walked together in the thin morning sunshine and, for two hours, Patel listened. Occasionally he grunted, and once or twice he nodded, but he did not speak until he reached the door again. Then he shook his head. "No," he said, and walked in. The scheme was not approved.

In his later years, Patel has changed. The scourge of Big Business and the British has now become their champion. "Prove to me that any Congress Minister is not doing his work properly, and he will not hold his job a moment longer than is necessary," he assured a business meeting. When I saw Patel in Delhi, he had many kindly things to say about the British. Some of the Sardar's friends say that in his old age he has softened.

Jawaharlal Nehru dominates India's foreign policy, but he is content to leave the day-to-day business of administration to Patel, who conscientiously observes Nehru's general directives. Patel is loyal to Gandhi in death, as he was when the Mahatma was alive. The Congress boss had always hoped one day to climb into Gandhi's place. Perhaps the bitterest of all moments in Patel's life occurred on the day Gandhi called him and said: "When I am gone, Jawaharlal will lead the nation."

He Killed Revolt Against Nehru

Patel accepted the verdict and has never intrigued to change it. In fact, at the recent Congress meeting, when it was expected that party politicians would challenge Nehru's leadership, Patel squashed the revolt without delay.

Nowadays, Patel has no time to see all his old Congress friends and cronies, but he still receives about 200 letters a day from all parts of the country, on subjects that vary from a request to find an abducted wife or daughter to a complaint that All-India radio is using words that are too long for the average Indian to understand. The Sardar still keeps his ear close to the Indian soil.

Every minute of his day is planned. In spite of his age he rises early. A morning car ride with his grey-haired unmarried daughter, Maniben, has taken the place of his walk, but he still spends long hours at his desk. He has a passion for punctuality and lustily abuses his servants if his meals are not ready exactly on time. The Sardar likes to eat at home. There, Patel comes as near to relaxing as ever he permits himself. Though his jests are a trifle grim, the Sardar's loud laughter is often heard on such occasions. And laughter in India is precious just now, because subjects for jokes are few and far between. THE END

Guy Addley can remove almost any kind of spot—except a tea stain. Often he uses only water

New tricks at the cleaner's

by JEAN EVERITT

Why did the buttons vanish, the beige dress go red, and the blouse turn into sour milk? The experts can now solve such mysteries

SOME WEEKS AGO, a dress made of an ordinary print material and with buttons which looked exactly like glass was passed through the inspection department of a Canterbury dry-cleaning firm. Outwardly, it did not seem to need special attention—but in the first stage of the cleaning process a strange thing happened. The buttons disappeared. Hastily packing the dress off to the Dyers and Cleaners Research Organization in Leeds, the firm wrote: "Before it went in the solvent, this dress had buttons. . . . Will you please tell us what they were?"

Guy Addley, the mild, stocky, forty-three year old foreman who tells this rather self-disparaging story, says such incidents can be expected in an industry which is daily faced with new problems. Addley supervises a staff of fifty who handle around 3,000 articles a week, ranging from a cinema carpet (which is cleaned entirely by hand) to a nightdress. He says: "After twenty-five years in the game, I still have a lot to learn—and always will have. With new synthetic materials, dyes, trimmings and chemicals continually coming on the market, you can never hope to get up to date."

Recently, a G.I. bride home on holiday brought a jumper for cleaning. It was automatically sorted as wool, but the effects on it of twenty minutes' agitation in the rotary cleaner were astounding. Not only did the jumper shrink almost to doll-size, but it dried as hard as iron and as brittle as chalk. After some investigation, it turned out that the jumper was made of a new American synthetic. Oddly enough, if its owner had bothered to wash it herself in warm water she would still be able to wear it.

Addley claims that this unending, unequal race with manufacturing processes largely explains the strange position of the £20,000,000-a-year dry-cleaning industry today. The war, with its rationing, began a boom in which the cleaner became almost indispensable. Yet no other tradesman seems to get so many complaints. Constantly, he is accused of everything from not cleaning clothes at all to cleaning them so vigorously that little wear is left in them.

Says Addley: "The fact is there are very few occasions when the cleaner is really solely responsible." To begin proving his point, he mentions two more cases. Some months ago, a blue dress came out of the cleaning solvent with large yellow stains on the shoulders. Completely baffled, Addley had it sent to the research chemists. They discovered that the shoulder pads were a new type which exuded a yellow stain when in the white spirit solvent. In the other case, the lining of a man's jacket shrivelled almost to nothing in the cleaning solvent. Under examination, the few remaining shreds revealed that the material was made from seaweed.

Of all the shocks Addley has had in his career, none has quite equalled the one he got when a harmless-looking beige dress came out of the solvent not only perfectly cleaned but perfectly dyed—a beautiful cherry red. A bigger surprise was to follow. The research chemists, to whom the dress was hurriedly sent, returned it in its original colour. The explanation of this miracle in colours was given in a note: "The dye in the dress is an indicator type, probably used by mistake. Anything alkaline, including soap, will turn it red. An acid (even vinegar) brings it back to normal."

With all these manufacturing problems in mind, the cleaners' research organization recently formed a committee to keep in contact with manufacturers. Already it has had success. The education of the customer, Addley feels, will take much longer. Every day he and his colleagues find a menacing collection of objects left in pockets and linings, including razor blades.

Every Year 2,000,000,000 Spots

Last year statisticians estimated that the dry-cleaning industry's 35,000 workers—three out of four are women—removed 5,000 tons of dirt from more than 100,000,000 garments. The dirt included 2,000,000,000 spots. Spotting, the removal of obstinate stains by hand after the clothes have come out of the solvent and been dried, is the industry's most skilled job.

Guy Addley, who still does a considerable amount of spotting himself, has to be familiar with all fabrics and, more important, their various combinations. He must be able to recognize immediately all stains, and he must know just what chemicals will remove a stain without damaging a particular dye or fabric.

"Trickiest fabric to handle is cellulose acetate rayon. Many spot-removing agents which are harmless to other fabrics completely dissolve it. To test for it, we clip a small piece off a seam and put acetone on it. If it gets sticky or dissolves we have the answer."

The most ingenious agents are enzymes—half-living, half-chemical substances mainly taken from animals' stomachs—which actually digest the spot. They have to be used at the body temperature of the animal from which they were taken. Two of them, trypsin and pepsin, attack albuminous stains such as blood and egg. Dextrin attacks starchy stains. Papaine, a newly discovered enzyme found in the gum of a South African tree, thoroughly cleaned in twenty minutes a dress which was terribly bloodstained from a road accident. As yet, however, the experts have found no answer to tannin, an acid in tea and other beverages, though in the U.S.A. a £1,000 prize has been offered for a method of removing this stain.

In general, Addley applies the spotting agent lightly with a brush so as not to harm the fabric. This tamping, as it is called, loosens the stain. He then removes it completely with cold water. Oddly enough, for all his chemicals, he very often uses nothing more than water, especially on such common stains as perspiration.

Occasionally, the colour of a fabric hinders him. Once, he came across a woman's brown coat with sleeves stiff with stains which blended with the colour of the cloth. "We played safe and first of all soaked them in distilled water. It turned a very familiar colour. They were beer stains."

But one of the oddest stories Guy Addley tells about dry-cleaning concerns another firm. Accidentally, a blouse was left wet overnight. When the staff came in the next morning a terrible smell met them. On the floor was a pool of milky liquid. It transpired that the blouse was made of casein, a material obtained from skimmed milk. Through being left wet, putrefaction had set in and the material had broken down into sour milk. THE END

PERFECT DAY

by BARRY PEROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

Malcolm looked at his line and said carefully: "We'll all stay." He was taking no chances, Olna thought. Again, guiltily, she compared the men

She saw them both in the telescope—the man she was to marry, and the man she had fallen in love with. And one was in danger

THE RAYS OF THE MORNING SUN, lancing down the valley, were drinking the last wraiths of mist when Olna stepped out on to the balcony of the primitive inn. This promised to be a perfect day. From the heights came a booming note of torrents; across the swift, Pyrenean river, aspens on the mountainside made a constant shiver of silver.

Olna was twenty-two. She wore a tartan skirt, sandals, a white polo jersey. Her hair was amber, her eyes were grey, and eight days of holiday walking had brought a deep tan to her clean-cut, sensitive face.

She smiled cheerfully at the two men. "Hallo," she said. "Am I late for breakfast?"

"There's no sign of any yet," said Malcolm Reath. He was oiling the line of his fly-rod. Twenty-eight, with a square, black-browed, weathered face and wiry hair, he wore corduroys, an Army shirt and an old red-and-black checked lumber-jacket. He looked at her a shade anxiously, pipe clamped between his teeth. "How's that blister on your heel?"

"Pretty sore," Olna admitted. "I'm furious. It's going to be a marvellous day, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to give my heel a rest."

Roy Cory said promptly, "That washes out the lake trip." He pushed aside the rucksack he was packing at the massive, wooden table. He was lithe and dark, about her own age. Thrusting his hands into the pockets of his corduroys, he smiled at her with blue, confident eyes. "I'm sorry about your blister," he said; "but, to tell the truth, I was shirking that climb to the lake. I'm feeling lazy after yesterday's hike. Besides——" he moved his shoulders gingerly under his thin khaki shirt—"I got a rich case of sunburn when we swam in that rock pool."

Malcolm said, "We'll all stay. A day's easy won't do any of us any harm."

His reel clicked as he went on carefully winding in line, but Olna noticed the fleeting upward glance he gave to the aspen slopes. She fancied there was a shade of regret in that glance. Poor Malcolm, she thought; would he have been so quick to renounce his beloved fishing if Roy hadn't been with them? He was uneasy about Roy. He was taking no chances. Increasingly, she had sensed in Malcolm a determination not to let her forget, or let Roy forget, whose engagement ring she wore on her finger.

She sat down on a three-legged stool. "Neither of you is going to stay," she said firmly. "If there's any more nonsense about passing up your day just because I've a sore heel, I shall climb to the lake even if it kills me!"

A plump, swarthy girl in hempen sandals and a rag of cotton frock, with black plaits which reached below her waist, came out on to the balcony. She was balancing three earthenware bowls of lumpy, hot chocolate, and hugging a maize loaf under each arm.

"*Hola*, Paquita!" said Roy. "How's the mountain nymph?"

Paquita dumped the provender on the table and backed away coyly with a hand over her giggles.

OLNA had her way about the trip to the lake; and presently, from the balcony jutting from the side of the grey-walled inn, she watched the two men leap from rock to rock across the white-flashing river. From the far bank, they turned to wave to her before they vanished among the trees.

She remained for some time leaning against the sun-warmed balustrade, wondering at the lonely grandeur of the scene. You could make fifty pounds go an awful long way, if you got off the beaten track. London with its thronged pavements, and the huge office where she and Malcolm both worked, seemed now incredibly far off—another world.

She was to marry Malcolm when he got his

Continued on page 30

Philip Buchel (left) demonstrates to two famous American pupils, Jackie Cooper and his wife, Hildy Parks

Practising at the bar in the Buchels' Chelsea studio are (left to right): Googie Withers, Michael Wilding, Margaret Johnston, Kay Kendall. Wilding is a star pupil

Teaching the stars to dance

by KEITH ELLIS

Michael Wilding, Glynis Johns, Walter Pidgeon—all were put through their paces by the couple who live on rhythm

WHEN ANNA NEAGLE WAS dancing a scene in *The Courtneys of Curzon Street*, Michael Wilding stood watching in the wings. Suddenly tiring of his inactivity, he rushed on to the set, seized Anna in his arms and deftly swung her round. "Why, you can *dance*!" she exclaimed. He denied it completely. "Well, I did once dance in the chorus," he admitted when pressed. Some time later he and Anna and Herbert Wilcox were lunching together in Dublin. "Herbert," said Anna, "have you told Michael about the dance sequence?" Although he was halfway through a juicy steak, Wilding stopped eating at once. "What dance sequence?" he asked. They told him that it was the dream sequence for *Spring in Park Lane*. "But I can't dance," he insisted. "Then Philip and Betty Buchel will teach you," said Wilcox.

The couple recommended were already producing the dances for the film. Since 1945 they have also produced the dances for *The Courtneys of Curzon Street*, *Maytime in Mayfair*, *State Secret*, the new Ray Milland film *White Heather*, and the not yet released *Into the Blue*. At their school of theatrical dancing in Chelsea they have coached Claude Hulbert, Glynis Johns, Anna Neagle, the Beverley Sisters, Walter Pidgeon and a host of revue artists, variety turns and stage-struck youngsters. Their Saturday morning limbering class has been attended by Tyrone Power, Linda Christian, Googie Withers, Margaret Johnston, Kay Kendall, Gabrielle Brune and the Jackie Coopers.

In six weeks of lessons they succeeded so well with Wilding that he afterwards complained: "It struck me as strange that when they saw the picture, people took it for granted for an ordinary actor to burst into dancing. I was accepted as though I had been a song-and-dance man all my life." Now he is the star pupil of the Buchels' Saturday morning class.

At forty-four, and balding a little, Philip Buchel is svelte, modest and soft-voiced. His wife, Betty, is pretty, smart and vivacious, with blue eyes and golden hair. Together they supply whatever help is needed in the field of theatrical dancing.

For instance, Walter Pidgeon had a scene in *The Miniver Story* in which he had to talk while waltzing. Now Walter Pidgeon can waltz. Walter Pidgeon can certainly talk. But before he took lessons with the Buchels, Walter Pidgeon could not talk while waltzing. For three weeks he went to the school almost every day to have the basic waltz rhythm—long, short, short—hammered into his subconscious. He made the scene satisfactorily and returned to the States. Shortly afterwards the Buchels received a photograph inscribed: "The long, short, short of it is, I'm a grateful bird—Walter Pidgeon."

Before the war, Buchel was dance producer to Jack Hulbert. Working with him was a perpetual surprise. Hulbert once asked him down for a rehearsal on his farm at Hatfield. They arrived late on a winter's afternoon. Buchel saw no sign of a dance floor, and by the time they had eaten it was dark. "Now we're going to rehearse," said Hulbert. "Follow me." From an outhouse he produced two pairs of gumboots. "Better put these on," he advised. Puzzled, Buchel obeyed. "And we shall need these," said Hulbert, getting out four oil lamps. "Will you take two of them?" Still more puzzled, Buchel did so. They then walked for ten minutes in the dark across Hulbert's farm until they came to a large field. "This is it," said Hulbert. In the far corner was a stage covered with a tarpaulin. Together they pulled it aside and set the hurricane lamps at the corners. The rehearsal then began. "The stage was covered with lichen," says Buchel, "all slimy and wet. We slipped down about every eight bars."

Practical Tuition For Laughton

Another time, Buchel had to teach Charles Laughton how to dance as a theatre busker for *St. Martin's Lane*. Part of the tuition was a visit to the Holborn Empire, where master and pupil watched the buskers entertaining the queue. Two of them, the Luna Boys, pleased Laughton so much that he insisted on taking them to a nearby pub for a drink. Afterwards he used them in the picture. "They were brilliant eccentrics," says Buchel. "They timed their dances perfectly to miss buses and passers-by."

The actual invention of a dance is the most interesting part of the Buchels' work. A film

To keep fit and supple, Sally Gray and Tyrone Power attend Saturday morning limbering classes

This is how Betty Buchel taught Michael Wilding to swing his partner in *Spring in Park Lane*

producer sends them a script in which the place for a dance has been marked. He tells them the length of time allowed for the dance and may or may not suggest ideas. "If he does, they're usually not much good," says Buchel. Very often the idea suggests itself. For instance, in *Maytime in Mayfair* Michael Wilding is shown a picture of a dress. "How's a dress made?" he asks. From that lead, the Buchels worked out the whole of the ballet sequence.

Ideas come at all times. Herbert Wilcox and Michael Wilding visited the Buchels' flat one night to discuss a comedy number for *Into the Blue*. Soon after they left, the Buchels decided to go to bed. Philip started to undress. Down to his short, white pants, he suddenly felt the urge to dance in front of the wardrobe mirror. *"Oup! La! Le bacontrais,"* he crowed in meaningless French. In half an hour he had worked out the basic movements, melody and lyrics of the dance they had been discussing.

Excited, he rang up Michael Wilding, who insisted he sang it over the phone. He did so. "Now sing it for my secretary," said Wilding. The secretary liked it, too. Next morning it was packed off to the musical director of the film for orchestration. It is now expected to become a novelty hit in the commercial ballroom.

Frequently ideas came to Buchel when he was pacing his beat as a special constable during the war. One night, a particularly good idea struck him in the West End. He ducked into a mews behind Hamilton Place to work out the steps. When a sequence satisfied him he jotted it down in his police notebook. He then tackled the next steps. The dance was well under way when he happened to glance back at the mews entrance. There, watching him, stood his inspector and sergeant. "I must say they were awfully nice about it," he remarks.

Philip Stuart Buchel was born in Hampstead, the son of Charles Buchel, the artist. While still a child, he visited music halls whenever he could. At eighteen he left school and entered a cigarette firm to learn the business. As his tuition consisted mainly of counting thousands of coupons in the free-gift department, he left after nine months. He had meanwhile taught himself to play the saxophone so well—without music—that when his boss asked him what he intended to do, he was able to say: "I shall earn more in a night club in one night than I do in a week here."

First Appearance—On Pins

After playing in several night clubs he joined the Cambridge Nightwatchmen at the St. Ermin's Hotel, London. When the Nightwatchmen decided to put on a cabaret, Buchel, who had been practising tap dancing in his spare time, was invited to take part. As all his practice had been done in gym shoes, he was afraid that if he wore tap shoes he would slip and fall. For his performance he bought a pair of black gym shoes and stuck drawing-pins in the toes to make the tapping sound. Unfortunately, they started to come out as soon as he went on. By the end of his act, the floor was liberally sprinkled with brass pins. "I found out afterwards that tap shoes could be fitted with rubber soles to prevent slipping."

Later, he danced in several shows and toured the halls. Tired of the unsettled life, he became dance producer to Jack Hulbert and arranged the dances for many hits.

In the chorus of *Paradise for Two* was pretty, eighteen-year-old Marjorie Karina, née Betty Goldfinch. She had studied at Sadler's Wells for two years, made up her mind that she would never become a great ballerina and taken parts in musicals instead. By the time she was nineteen she was Mrs. Buchel.

For some time, Betty Buchel continued to take small parts in revues, but when the war came her husband was called up for full-time duties as a special constable. Philip had almost given up the idea of producing until after the war when Emile Littler asked him to do a show. He immediately applied for a transfer to night duty so that he could sleep in the mornings and arrange dances in the afternoons. Betty Buchel gave up her work on the stage so that she could help him. While he was in bed, she drilled the dancers in the routines they had worked out together the previous afternoon.

Once the idea and basic movements of a dance have been decided on it has to be arranged for the screen. "That's where our headache starts," says Buchel. "First I get the idea and then I start to build up the pattern of the dance. A dance is made up of phrases which have to balance with each other. Each step is a word that fits into a phrase, and our hardest job is to find a good conjunction, a step that will link each dancing phrase so that the number becomes a pleasing pattern." A viewfinder fitted with several lenses helps him to keep in mind the limitations of the camera.

Five years ago, the Buchels opened their school in Chelsea. From ten in the morning until six at night they teach ballet, tap dancing and stage ballroom dancing. While they are busy with films an assistant takes over the school. Both consider their partnership ideal. "Betty can show girls how to do certain movements better than I can," says Philip, "but I am of more help to men. She specializes in ballet, I in tap. You can say that ours is a marriage of talents."

THE END

THE DESPERATE WOMAN

by MARTHA ALBRAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Anne would never find proof to establish his innocence—and he would go mad if he stayed in jail. In a mood of desperation, Simeon could see only one answer

She put her hands gently to his face. "When you love, Simeon, you don't stop loving, even if you hear the person you love has committed a murder"

As he bent, Simeon's arms shot up to close round his throat. He had no chance to cry out

SIMEON VERNON HATED GERMANS. They had killed his parents, and put him and his sweetheart, Marie-Anne Thiolat, into a concentration camp. Now he had to spend his life among them, serving a life sentence for murder in Felseck, a prison in the American Zone of Germany.

He had not murdered the American soldier, but he knew who had. It was Paul, leader of the gang of ex-slave labour camp workers which Simeon had joined after the liberation. He almost worshipped Paul—and he had kept his mouth shut. Besides, Paul had told him that Anne was dead, and without Anne he had nothing to live for.

When he and Anne escaped from the concentration camp, he had changed his name and nationality. He had become Simeon Rodasky, a Pole. And he had lost touch with her. Paul said he had seen her recaptured.

In Felseck, Simeon soon became known as a "difficult" prisoner to prison guard Becker and head warden Grote. He spoke to no one, wrote and received no letters; and one night he tried to commit suicide with rat poison. In his delirium in the prison hospital, he babbled Anne's name. Grote made inquiries, and, after Simeon recovered, sent for him for a private talk in the prison grounds. They were not alone. Leaning against one of the prison bulwarks was Anne.

PART 2

Anne

THEY looked at one another as if each saw the other for the first time. And as their glances met and held, their bodies, frozen to the ground, remained strangely motionless.

Anne moved first. "Hold me, Simeon. Hold me tight." And as his arms went about her she sighed and closed her eyes. "So many years," she whispered. "So many years. I thought this moment would never come." His lips met hers and in their kiss their loneliness, their longing, their thwarted passion broke wide open, merged and made them one.

The bell, sounding the afternoon recess, broke the spell.

"I never gave up hope," Anne said. "There were days when it didn't seem possible you could be alive and I not know it. I went to all the agencies and committees and departments. I fooled myself into believing it wasn't hopeless. But the nights. . . ."

"Yes, the nights," said Simeon.

Anne drew back. Her soft brown hair fell straight and glistening around her face. It was a vital face, a little thin perhaps and pale, but beautifully shaped. Her eyes were very light, the colour of aquamarines under almost straight brows which swung together over a short nose. Her mouth was a little too large, but it was a generous, full mouth with a dimple in the left corner.

"And I thought you were dead." Simeon could not yet take it in.

"Oh. That's why the warden was so surprised . . . and, well. . . ." A thought seemed to cross her mind, was rejected and she went on quickly. "Of course, it was possible that I might have died. Anything could have happened. But still, so long as it wasn't a fact, you shouldn't have lost hope."

"Paul," said Simeon. "He told me, as a fact."

"Paul?"

"Paul Jablonsky. He was with me in Essen. He said he was in the same group with you when you were rounded up by the Germans for slave labour."

"I was never captured."

"But he said you were the girl who jumped from the lorry and was shot." Simeon stared at her blankly.

"He must have made a mistake. I stayed with Father Feliks until the end. I was lucky. Paul? Paul Jablonsky?"

"Yes, he even knew your name. Are you sure you never saw him? He was about thirty. Not tall, not small, medium sized. He had very black hair, and a scar, yes, a scar over his left eye."

Anne said: "I don't know him. I made my way back to France. I always wanted to paint. Remember? Well, that's what I did when I was not searching for you. Glass painting. With so many churches destroyed all over the country, even I found jobs."

He was staring at her. He saw a young woman of great poise with an air of elegance about her. For the first time he took in every detail of her appearance, the fine legs, the smart low-heeled shoes, the wide fur coat, the large handbag hanging from her shoulder, moving across her hip with every motion of her lovely body, the pair of suede gloves she had let fall to the ground in their first embrace. He looked back at her face, then his eyes wandered to the glistening, well-groomed hair, the shiny, smooth eyebrows. She no longer belonged to him or to his way of life. She was outside, as far away as a star you might want to touch.

Anne was smiling at him.

"I looked for Simeon Vernon. Somehow it never occurred to me to look for Rodasky. Why didn't you tell them your true name? Why didn't you say you were French? You could have asked for a French lawyer and I would have found you right away. It would have been——"

"It wouldn't have made any difference to them whether I was Polish or French," he interrupted her brusquely. "I didn't care. I tell you, I didn't care. I thought you were dead. I had nothing left to live for."

HE saw the question in her eyes, the many unasked questions and answers which lay between them like an abyss. A terrible desperation rose in him. There was nothing he could share with her, and try as she might, nothing that she could ever again share with him.

"Why did you come? When you found out I was condemned for life, why did you come? To torture me? Don't you know what my days will be like from now on? Have you no imagination left?"

His hands were on her shoulders, shaking her wildly. She did not try to stop him nor escape his brutal fingers, digging through the coat into her flesh. Calmly she looked up and asked: "And my days? Do you think it is easy for a woman to find the man she loves condemned for life? A murderer? Whatever you thought of me, dead or alive, what made you kill? How could you?"

Simeon, who had let go of her shoulders for a moment, now began to shake her again. "But I didn't kill him. I didn't kill him. I didn't kill him."

She grew very pale. For a moment she was unable to speak. She stared at him, and at the prison garb he was wearing. His narrow, haggard face seemed so much older than she remembered it.

"What are you saying?"

Simeon's hands fell to his sides, hung there like dead weights. He leaned against the wall as if in need of support. Anne came closer. She put her hands gently to his face, holding it. "When you love, Simeon," she told him, "you don't stop loving, even when you hear that the person you love has committed a murder. I'm not judging you. I never will."

"You don't believe me," he said, "yet it is true."

FOR a second tears filled her eyes. She hid her head against the rough material of his jacket. "Don't," she whispered. "Don't, my love."

"I'm not lying."

"But you confessed," she said quietly. "I saw your record. You confessed."

"Yes, I confessed," he said. "I confessed to save the others."

"What others?" Her voice echoed his words as if she doubted his sanity.

"Paul," he said. "Red, Anton, Valentin. They were my friends. The only friends I had. You don't know what comradeship can mean in a slave labour camp. Without them I would have died long before the war ended. They helped when I was unable to work. They shared their food with me. They were all older than I and all of them had somebody left. Anton was married and had two children, Valentin had parents. He was an only son, like me, but his parents were alive. And Red was engaged to be married. Even Paul was not alone. He had brothers and sisters and he adored them. They were younger than he and dependent on him. Only I had nobody."

He saw her look at him, disbelief in her eyes, saw her shake her head a little. "Anne," he cried, passion colouring his voice. "Can't you see? Can't you understand? They did it for me."

"They did what for you?"

"I was ill. I had pneumonia. They knew I would die without drugs. That's why they broke into the American depot. I thought they had gone and left me. I wanted them to go on without me. The week before we had burgled a private house and almost been caught, and the police were after us. But they came back. And

Continued on page 32

Our Test team is in his hands

An Australian masseur keeps England's cricketers fit. He nurses the weak spots—including the Compton knee and the Hutton hand

by ALAN FAIRFAX

MELBOURNE

ARTHUR JAMES IS A GENIAL, middle-aged Tasmanian who has one of the keys to the success of the M.C.C. team literally in his hands. Throughout the twenty-week tour of Australia, he has the task of keeping England's sixteen cricketers fit. In particular, he has the responsibility of nursing such notorious weak spots as the Compton knee, the Hutton hand and the Bailey back.

James is the team's masseur-trainer. A well-known Australian physiotherapist, he specializes in treating cricketers. For several years he has worked for and toured with both Australian and English Test teams. He met the present touring side when it arrived at Perth, Western Australia, in October and promptly initiated the visitors into his training routine. "With any touring side," he says, "the first month is the worst. You must take great care in their training, increasing it very gradually. You must also watch that they don't over-exert themselves in the early games. A few casualties soon cripple the side."

Often, James finds, the process of getting acclimatized will upset players. "The cold of England tends to thicken the blood," he explains. "In Australia the heat has the reverse effect. On top of that, the hard ground over here puts a great strain on the England players for a while, especially the pacey bowlers like Bedser, Warr and Bailey."

New Way To Protect Feet

During the present tour James has introduced to the England bowlers a new method of protecting their feet, which is being widely used by Australian players. It consists simply of an aluminium toe-cap to the cricket boot instead of leather. "This prevents the cap from squashing down on the toes and skinning them when the bowler drags his feet along the ground. As an extra precaution for heavier men like Alec Bedser, I put a strip of sorbo rubber between the toes and bind them with surgical bandage."

Though primarily a masseur, James believes that general massage is not normally essential for cricketers. "After a training spell, I get the team to return to the dressing-rooms immediately and just have a hot-and-cold shower and a good rub down with a rough towel. The whole idea of massage is to assist nature to get rid of waste matter in the body. If she can do the job effectively herself, so much the better."

James is not always entirely orthodox in his methods of treating players. During one Test match in Australia a well-known player was struck heavily on the instep while batting against a fast bowler. When he got back to the pavilion his foot was already coloured and stiff. James worked on it for a while but eventually realized that it was hopeless.

"Then," he goes on, "I had an idea. I told him to go home and spend most of Sunday sitting in his car and pushing the clutch pedal down. On Monday, to my relief, he limped into my room at the pavilion. For two hours before the game started I applied hot fomentations. In his team's second innings the boy was able to bat and, what's more, he scored 58."

Occasionally, James's hands have more than an invigorating effect. Once, while a match at Sydney had stopped because of rain, one of the players asked him to loosen up his bowling arm and shoulder.

The Bowler Was Absent

"He got on the massage table," James recalls, "and I went to work on him for ten minutes or so. Eventually, the rain stopped and the players took the field again. As the two batsmen came out, the fielding captain looked round for his opening bowler—and he couldn't find him. He dashed back into the pavilion and we started to search. I found him still on my massage table—asleep."

James says he has been pleasantly surprised by England's 1950 team. "On past experience, I would have said emphatically that the Aussies take their cricket and their training much more seriously than the English players. Most of the men in our Test teams have always visited the gym at least three days a week during the season. Keith Miller, a perfect example of a Test man, is always training up and invariably he has a massage once every other night during matches. This year, however, there's not much to choose between the Australians or the Englishmen. All of the M.C.C. eleven have taken their practice seriously and have co-operated with me in every way."

THE END

James massages David Sheppard, England cricketer. Sometimes he merely prescribes a shower

Garsdale Junction, the rail outpost. Though ninety trains a day pass through it, the station is so isolated that the quickest way to get to it is by road

Change here for the back of beyond

by ERIC BENNETT

On the bleak heights of Garsdale, the railway village is ready for winter. Keeping the trains rolling is a lonely job—but there's always the dance hall in the station

JUST AFTER THE EXPRESS freight train had roared along the up track to the water troughs, Adam Rudd crossed the rails with the dignity which became his seventy-six years and opened the door of the tank house with his key.

The great metal tank, with its thousands of gallons of water for the locomotive cranes, stood above the normal tall, stone building which you can see in any railway station yard. But when Adam Rudd stepped through the door, it was not into a workshop. Along the whitewashed walls stood four long settees in red-and-black patterned plush, which on closer inspection were recognizable as the seats from an old-style Midland Railway saloon coach. Rows of chairs were in the body of the hall, and the floor showed signs of having been polished for dancing. At the far end of the tank house was a stage with gaily coloured chintz curtains. Two stoves were installed to keep the lofty room warm on nights when the snows sweep down from the fells.

"Aye," said Adam, with a quiet smile of satisfaction on his rugged face. "This is where we have our little 'do's.' Ah've moved piano to welfare centre to keep the damp from getting at it." The welfare centre was next door to the tank house. It consisted of the body of the saloon coach from which the assembly room's settees had been taken. Inside, beside the upright piano, was a trestle table, benches, and boxes of books from the West Riding county library, ready for the weekly exchange.

That was my introduction to Garsdale Junction, the only railway station in Britain which is a social centre with a library and dance hall.

Station On A Mountain Top

Garsdale Junction is more than 1,100 feet up in the Pennines, just below the peak of that soaring system of viaducts, tunnels and cuttings which carries the Midland Region main railway line from Glasgow and Carlisle to Leeds, the East Midlands and London. It is a few miles south of the Westmorland border, a few yards west of the boundary which divides the West and North Ridings of Yorkshire, on the watershed which divides Wensleydale from Ribblesdale, and, although on the railway line, it is rather less accessible than the back of beyond.

On weekdays only half a dozen local trains each way stop at Garsdale Junction out of about ninety express freights and passengers, including the Clyde-Thames express, which thunder through the station. But the little community of Garsdale, some fifty strong, does not care how many trains stop; the job of these railwaymen, settled in a compact hamlet amid the scattered hill farms, is to keep the trains rolling.

After the line was opened in 1875, sixteen strong stone houses were built by the railway company at Garsdale Station and another half-dozen a few hundred yards away near the Moorcock Viaduct. In them have lived generations of signalmen, gangers and platelayers.

Adam Rudd, who retired at the end of the war, is the oldest railwayman in the community. He has lived at Garsdale for thirty-three years. Now that he is no longer ganger in charge of a long stretch on the Hawes branch line he has taken on the job of caretaker at the tank house. For the tank house, with the roof beneath the tank strengthened as special protection and the walls whitewashed and decorated, is the heart of life on winter evenings.

Winter isolates the Garsdale community. Heavy snows have been known to cut it off from the world for three weeks at a time. The nearest towns are Hawes, six miles to the east, and Sedbergh, ten miles to the west. But in the tank house the floor may be cleared for a dance, or the local talent giving a concert from the stage, while the stoves defy the snowflakes.

"We make our own amusements here," says Adam. "Always have done. And before the war we used to have our own Sunday morning services in the down platform waiting-room. Proper Church of England services, too. Most of the people round here go to chapel. But Mr. Bradrick, the parson from Garsdale Church, which is three miles away, would come to take services in our waiting-room. We subscribed for a harmonium, too. But we don't have services now—and the harmonium has gone for firewood," he ended sadly.

Although the down waiting-room is no longer a temporary church, the up platform ladies' waiting-room still houses the station's own private library, which was presented forty-four years ago. Reginald Berwick, the stationmaster, took me into the waiting-room and unlocked the glass cupboards in which the books are kept. Inside the old ruled exercise book which had

Stationmaster Reginald Berwick checks up. His wife had to get used to doing without shops

served as the librarian's register was the faded letter, dated March 5, 1906, from Mrs. Greenwood, of Bedale, addressed to Mr. Bunce, stationmaster of Hawes Junction (as the station was then called). It said that the Religious Tract Society was sending a bundle of books and that she herself was adding two more parcels. In the collection, it is still possible to distinguish the choices of the R.T.S. from the more catholic gifts of the generous lady of Bedale.

The range of reading matter is wide, and one could spend many a fascinating hour in the ladies' waiting-room at Garsdale Junction. Dickens, Scott and Jules Verne are well represented; there are some bound *Chambers's Journals*, *Whitaker's Almanack* for 1908, two copies of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, and a novel with a title which will bring me back to Garsdale to read before I die: *Patience Hart's First Experience in Service*.

"Nobody asks to borrow books from this little library now," says Mr. Berwick, "though they are always available. I have read a good many of them myself in the three years I have been here. Now the county library sends books round, they all go for the more modern stuff."

It would be possible to catch up on a lot of reading, snowed up at Garsdale Junction. For snowing up is always likely on these exposed heights. In the severe winter of 1947 the line was out of action for a month.

Harold Thwaite, the porter, tells the story of that blizzard, the worst known in living memory. In a way Harold is an even older member of the Garsdale community than Adam Rudd, for he was born in a farmhouse within sight of the station fifty-seven years ago, though he did not become a railwayman until 1913.

"Every morning in that 1947 storm I used to dig my way out of my house and then dig my way up the slope to the station," says Harold. "Things were a bit better there. Snow was lying on the rails up to platform level and packed down hard, so that I could walk across the track from the signalbox to the up platform like crossing a street. I spent the day digging and clearing and trying to keep the station clear, but it was pretty hopeless. In the cutting below the station the drifts were thirty feet deep. Half a mile up the line, at the water troughs where trains pick up water at speed, two locos had been abandoned. The drivers found that they were running into heavier and heavier snow, and they decided the only safe thing was to abandon the engines. They plunged out over waist-high in snow and fought their way back to the station through the blizzard. Later the locos were gradually covered until only their chimneys were showing, and it was two weeks later before they could be dug out and moved."

Grocer Calls Twice A Month

Harold Thwaite has almost a proprietary interest in the line. His father used to mix the gunpowder used in the blasting operations when the cuttings were being driven through the hills. But stationmaster Berwick and his wife Mary have had to adjust themselves to an entirely new environment, for his previous post was at Southport. Mrs. Berwick has overcome the first feeling of loneliness and has acclimatized herself to ordering most of her groceries and household goods for fortnightly delivery from Sedbergh. The stone-built houses are solid, comfortable and warm, and Mrs. Berwick is happier now that a new tank, which will give the row running water and bathrooms, is being built up at the station. Up till now all the railway families have depended on one standpipe.

Electricity has not yet come to Garsdale, so paraffin lamps and cookers are used. But the rents of these "tied cottages," now owned by British Railways, are cheap compared with council houses. For three-bedroom houses with large downstairs rooms and a separate stone-built outhouse the average rent is 7s. 6d. a week, which may rise to 10s. when the water is installed. Widows and pensioners pay less.

Buses take the schoolchildren to Garsdale village or Sedbergh, but there are few schoolchildren now in the community. Harold Thwaite can remember the day when there were nearly fifty children, all from the railway cottages, attending school with him.

Adam Rudd's railway reminiscences are grimmer. Tragedy has been associated with this line since the days when men gave their lives in building the great granite viaducts across the shifting soil of the river beds. Adam remembers being the first on the scene, soon after five thirty in the morning, at the accident which took place in the darkness and wetness of a Christmas Eve. "Just a mile north of this station," he says. "It was raining hard when I got there, but the fire in the front coaches was so fierce that the banks were blazing alongside the line."

Chase That Ended In A Crash

The accident had followed as grim a chase as has ever been seen outside a film set. The London-Glasgow express was running in two parts. The first part had gone through Garsdale, and two light engines, coupled together, which were due to run to Carlisle, were then let on to the main line. When the signal was dropped to give them the right of way it also gave the all clear to the second part of the express. The drivers of the light engines saw the express coming behind them, and their firemen stoked frantically to get up steam so that they could keep ahead. But they did not have a chance.

"The express hit them so hard," says Adam, "that the two engines were thrown off the track and pushed along like ploughshares for a couple of hundred yards. The front coaches of the express caught alight, and they burned so fast that the passengers in them had no chance. I got there first with my first-aid kit, but there was little I could do at the fire. I was told to help the drivers and firemen of the light engines who, by some miracle, were still alive. We put them in a hut by the line and started to pick out pieces of coal and gravel from their faces. . . .

"When I went back to the train I found that there was a little baby crying underneath one of the coaches. The child was completely hemmed in by wreckage, but as far as I could tell was unhurt. The weight of the coach was being held off her, but the space she was in was so small that I could not reach her, although I could touch her hands with a stick. I was just turning away to find some sort of a jack which would help me to get at her when a gas cylinder on the next coach exploded. My face was stung with red-hot ballast flung up from the line. When I could see again, the whole coach had shifted and the last wreckage of it was ablaze. The baby had vanished. . . ."

The details of that grim morning are as vivid in Adam's memory as if they had happened yesterday. But that notable disaster took place in 1910. Twelve people were killed. To take away the bitterness Adam says with a laugh: "I was wearing a new pair of shoes that morning. Eighteen bob they cost me, and that was money in those days. Of course, they were ruined. And what do you think they gave for working all day at the accident? Five bob!"

Stationmaster Bunce, who might have been thought to have had a quiet time in the remoteness of Garsdale, cataloguing the books which had been presented as the station library, not only had to cope with that accident, but with another major crash which happened a little farther down the line in 1913.

Oddest Train Wreck Of All

"People think I am telling lies," says Adam, who was also first ganger on the scene that day, when sixteen people were killed, "but that smash was the most rummy thing I ever saw in my life. Two up trains collided, the second one running into the back of the first. And the front two coaches of the first train were pushed clean over the locomotive and enclosed the whole engine and tender in a wooden box."

The only member of the Garsdale station community who cannot reminisce about railway matters is William Harper, the postmaster. He settled there in the post office, which he combines with a tiny general stores, when he got married in 1898. Outside his office is the only telephone kiosk for miles around. It contains the telephone numbered Garsdale Head 1, which has one of those good old wind-'em-up handles to call the operator.

When the old Midland Railway built this lonely outpost town for railwaymen, there was —and there still is—just one local asset. About a mile away is the Moorcock Inn, an old posting house and the only tavern on the sixteen miles of road between Hawes and Sedbergh. There, if the winter weekends are not too severe, the men can relax after their heavy days keeping the line secure and the water troughs free from ice. For those troughs that replenish the tanks of long-distance trains are the chief worry of the men on top of the Pennines. If they do freeze they have to be cleaned right out, and warnings must be flashed up the line. An express which lowered its scoop into ice at sixty miles an hour would hit trouble hard!

There is one local tradition in Garsdale that none of the railwaymen can explain. The daily train from Hawes to Hellifield, which runs through the junction, is known as the Bonnyface. Mr. Berwick's only explanation, gleaned from the old-timers, is that the train was always so punctual that it earned the name as a sort of blessing. Maybe.

But if you want to get to Garsdale today, without doing things the hard way, take an express to a nearby express stop station like Appleby and then go by road. It is as remote as that.

THE END

Ralph Richardson designed some of these cards. Margaret Leighton helps him to choose

Christmas through the post

by MARJORIE EARL

Though we still like to look back nostalgically, the greetings card is subtly changing. Words like "swellest" are catching on

DESMOND TUCK bears only one resemblance to Father Christmas. Like Santa Claus, he skirts the globe on Christmas Eve. A balding, meticulously tailored bachelor of sixty, he is managing director of an eighty-five year old dynasty which gave the world the Christmas card and annually distributes some 75,000,000 of them over five continents.

His greetings cards emanate from a stately Edwardian mansion in Mayfair, just off Park Lane. More particularly, they come from a spacious, first-floor front room where Mr. Desmond, as he is called by his staff, sits in solitary splendour, except for three dogs and occasionally two secretaries, keeping his finger on the Christmas spirit. After nearly forty years in the business he knows what they want in America, how much the customers will pay in Australia and Egypt, and just how far the conservative British market can be persuaded to go along with a new idea. The British Christmas card, he feels, is becoming subtly Americanized. He thinks this is due partly to the growing rapprochement between the two countries and partly to the influence of the cinema.

During and immediately after the war the favourite British card breathed a traditional atmosphere of Christmas: happy days, snow, plenty to eat, carollers and convivial scenes in the village inn. "We are inclined to look back nostalgically, while the Americans look ahead," says Mr. Desmond. "But lately there has been some change and we are now incorporating many of the U.S. ideas into our collections." Cards that once primly wished their recipients a "Merrie Christmas" or "The Season's Greetings" are now being displaced by such breezy Americanisms as "For you, the world's swellest Dad," "For you, honey, at Christmas" and "Merry Christmas to the Boss."

Like all members of his family before him, he takes the Christmas card seriously. In 1941, when Lord Beaverbrook served briefly and tempestuously as Minister of Supply, he decided to save newsprint by banning that "useless bauble." Mr. Desmond led a fight to preserve it. At a time when families and friends were dispersed, when anxiety and uncertainty had replaced peace and stability, old established habits must be preserved, argued the delegation of manufacturers which he led.

His firm's British interests, which include the head office and showroom in Mayfair and four factories in Northampton, annually produce over 100,000,000 items. Three-quarters of these are greetings cards, mostly for Christmas. The balance includes children's books, calendars, pocket-size reprints and other sidelines.

All Set Ten Months Ahead

All through the year the firm's eyes are focused on Christmas. Designs are selected and bought continuously. The final choice is made by Mr. Desmond himself, who spreads the accumulation of art on the floor of his office, picking and discarding until the line is complete. A Christmas collection, ready for the press by February, includes several hundred designs.

There are four permanent artists on the staff in London and six in Northampton, plus a number of part-time art students in both places. Many outside artists work under contract. "We encourage free-lance work," Mr. Desmond says. "In that way we get wider variety in our designs." Because it is a lucrative outlet, the Christmas card trade attracts many first-rate artists. Even some of the great, like Dendy Sadler, who painted Darby and Joan, have produced Christmas card designs. Many have been Royal Academicians. It has not been so easy to get big names for the text, however. Tennyson refused an offer of £1,000 for a Christmas verse.

Thirty guineas and upwards is paid for a design, plus a contract fee for special orders. Every day at least half a dozen artists arrive to peddle their productions. Usually they are interviewed by members of the art department, but occasionally Mr. Desmond interviews them himself, if their work is impressive or if they are important. The sales record for a Christmas card designed by the firm goes to one produced for the National Savings Fund, of which over 10,000,000 copies were sold. "We didn't print it, though," says Mr. Desmond, regretfully.

His firm did not invent the Christmas card, but from 1870 on, with a series of innovations and stunts which would excite the admiration of a Hollywood Press agent, it has popularized the idea and helped to build the custom of sending printed greetings into a mammoth industry. When it first decided to produce a picture postcard the trade ridiculed the plan as commercial hysteria. The law at that time prohibited messages on the address side of the card and rivals felt that nobody would want to buy a card when there was no room to write a greeting. They were mistaken. From the beginning the picture postcard was a success. It was the same story with the revival of the old-fashioned valentine. Elaborate, hand-made *billets-doux* were popular during the Victorian era but had fallen into disfavour. In 1926, Mr. Desmond's firm resurrected the idea, complete with lace ruffles and saccharine sentiments. Again the trade sneered. And again they were wrong. Although the valentine was slow moving in its year of revival, it soon caught on.

Getting Rid Of The Old Cards

Three years later, the firm was offered the rights of a patented invention which other manufacturers had turned down. Without too much confidence, it decided to buy. The invention was a cardboard gramophone record, three-and-a-half inches in diameter, impregnated with a chemical and hardened by extreme heat to the consistency of vulcanite. On it were recorded popular songs, greetings, music and jingles. Superimposed on greetings cards, they were sold

With designs strewn on his office floor, Desmond Tuck selects John Bull cover paintings to be made into birthday cards. His three dogs watch quietly

Inspecting Christmas cards as they leave the presses. Printing usually starts in February

in millions all over the world. "Not only did we make a profit on every card sold but we also got rid of vast amounts of old cards we were carrying in stock by putting gramophone records on them," Mr. Desmond says appreciatively.

One of his prized possessions is Queen Mary's pencil, a sedate, engraved silver propelling model, which is one of several presents she has given him. He usually makes a point of telling people about it. During the reign of Queen Victoria, the firm was appointed Royal Stationers and has held the Royal Warrant ever since. Before the war it was permitted to release to the Press reproductions of the Christmas cards chosen by the Royal Family. This practice has been discontinued and now only a description is published. Last year the King chose an informal family portrait for his card. Princess Elizabeth chose a coloured engraving of Clarence House. Queen Mary, as she always does, chose a coloured print of an English garden. The Duchess of Gloucester had one of her own sketches reproduced.

Designs For Cabinet Ministers

"By and large we don't do cards for individuals," Mr. Desmond says. "If we get orders for them we usually turn them back to the traders, or refer the customer to a stationer. Of course, when a Cabinet Minister comes to ask us to make up Christmas cards we can't very well refer *him* to a trader."

In addition to the Royal Family, the firm's distinguished customers have included nobility, several Prime Ministers, Cabinet Ministers, actors, actresses and other public personalities, not to mention several Maharajahs. "We don't get many Maharajahs now," Mr. Desmond reflected, sadly. The Indian nobleman who annually threw them into an ecclesiastical quandary is now a nostalgic memory. He selected a Christmas card with a pointedly religious motif. He then asked that the Scriptural message be blocked out and his own text be superimposed. Since he was a devout Moslem this was: "All Praise to Allah The Most High."

The most expensive personal card the firm ever produced was a valentine. The order was for one card only and price was no consideration. Annually, for nearly ten years, the secretary of a wealthy American business man living in London telephoned an order for an elaborate valentine. She discreetly specified with each order whether the love token was intended for a blonde, a brunette or a redhead, for the recipient was never the same two years running. It was usually made of pastel-tinted padded satin adorned with real lace and a miniature portrait by some well known but, in this case, anonymous artist. It cost its extravagant donor £100.

The Boss With A Long Memory

Mr. Desmond has a reputation among his staff for being an extremely hard worker. He arrives early and stays late. Accompanied by an English bulldog, a Scots terrier and a Yorkshire terrier, he usually drives the short distance from his Mayfair flat to his office. It is the employees' duty to see that the dogs are exercised.

He has a memory so remarkable that it sometimes proves embarrassing to even the best informed of his staff when he asks for oddments of information or for old records that everyone else has forgotten. His big, glass-topped desk is often snowed under with papers and correspondence, and more than once during the day he has to ring for his secretary to ask for help to find something he has mislaid. "He can raise hell in half an hour but the storm usually blows over quickly," said one of his staff. Of himself, he says: "I don't work, I enjoy myself."

Although his firm has joined in the British export drive, Mr. Desmond says there are difficulties in the world Christmas card market. Before the first World War, Britain practically

Continued on page 38

YANGTSE INCIDENT (5) *by Lawrence Earl*

The Communists close in

Kerans had barely taken command when the order came: prepare to sink *Amethyst* . . . The Communist assault over the Yangtse was on

WHEN LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER KERANS took over command of *Amethyst* in the late afternoon of April 22, 1949, he decided that his first job was to bury the dead. They had been awaiting burial now for more than fifty hours, because of the anticipated arrival of a chaplain by flying boat. Because of heavy Communist gun-fire the Sunderland had been unable to land on the Yangtse where *Amethyst* was anchored, and had been forced to fly off again. It was obvious now that the dead should be buried without delay.

Kerans had Petty Officer Jeremiah Murphy brought to the wireless office, which was now being used as an operations room. "I understand," Kerans said, "that you are the senior Roman Catholic rating on board?"

"I am, sir."

"Right. Then you will bury the Roman Catholics. I will be responsible for the others."

The bodies were sewn into hammocks and each one was weighted with two four-inch shells. It was a simple burial service. Kerans could not fire the three rifle volleys customary on such grim occasions for fear the Communists, entrenched on the north bank, would retaliate, believing they were being fired upon. The dead were piped over the side. Each one, weighted with the live shells, fell with a splash and sank quickly down into the mud of the river bed. The whole ceremony took about twenty minutes.

Now Kerans gave his attention to the signal he had received ordering him to prepare to evacuate ship and sink. The plan he had decided on was to beach the ship, open all the sea-cocks, and set off an explosion to destroy her. He divided the ship's company into groups and gave each group a task towards the necessary preparations. By ten that night arrangements were complete and Kerans awaited the final order for the self-destruction of *Amethyst*. He planned that, after the order came and was carried out, he would lead his men on foot along the banks of the Grand Canal to Shanghai. It would be a 250-mile march.

At midnight, Jack French, the only telegraphist still aboard *Amethyst*, received a message for Kerans. The message—the result of high-level discussions in Nanking and Hongkong—said that the order to evacuate and sink *Amethyst* would not be given that night.

The men slept. By dawn of April 23 *Amethyst* was washed by a thick, rolling fog. From the deck neither bank of the river could be seen. Then, at about nine in the morning, the sun

As Kerans entered with the relief, French looked up, his eyes heavy with much-needed sleep

Stoker Mechanic Samuel ("Paddy") Bannister and his mother. Bannister's home is in Belfast

Six-footer Boy Keith Martin (left). He was barely seventeen when wounded by the Communist guns

burned through, revealing an eerily lifeless river. There was nothing but *Amethyst* afloat. On the south bank of the Yangtse there were no signs of Nationalist troops as there had been the day before. The north bank, where the Communist troops were positioned, was also quiet.

To the men aboard *Amethyst* this silence was almost uncanny after the recent turmoil. On April 20, only three days before, a Communist battery on the north bank had opened fire on *Amethyst* as the frigate sailed up the river on a routine mission to Nanking. In the attack fifty-four of the crew had been killed or wounded. Together with a number of men who had been evacuated to save further casualties, all of the wounded, except two, had reached Shanghai and safety. *Amethyst's* captain, Lieutenant-Commander Skinner, had, however, died of his wounds on his way there, and Lieutenant-Commander Kerans had been sent from Nanking, where he was assistant naval attaché, to replace him. Kerans now had eighty men under his command, less than half of *Amethyst's* original strength. These men had good reason to feel apprehensive about the strange silence on the river. It meant trouble again.

Shortly after midday, Kerans saw the first movement of Communist troops on the north shore. This made him believe a battery site was being established to cover a crossing which would lead into the Grand Canal. The canal had an outlet on the south bank near where *Amethyst* was anchored and the Communists would doubtless make use of the waterway to transport their supplies as they fought on towards Shanghai. This, Kerans decided, would make *Amethyst's* position not only uncomfortable and dangerous but downright untenable. It meant the ship would be in the direct flow of Communist assault craft when they came.

He decided to shift her berth downstream and to anchor opposite a stretch of shore where there was no cover in which to establish a battery of heavy guns. Just as he was about to drop anchor the ship came under artillery fire again. The fire came from Yu-lung-chow, a small island, or, perhaps, from a point of land just behind it.

Amethyst whipped around at full speed. She re-anchored close to the south bank between the two villages of Ma-chia-shaw and Chen-pi Chen-kou. The firing had stopped. There had been near misses in the water about ten yards from the ship but no hits. By then Kerans realized that the Communist guns were sited to cover every foot of the vital reaches of the river. There was no escaping their ubiquitous threat.

The situation was, once again, a desperate one. Kerans, with his damaged ship and depleted ship's company, could man and fight only one 4-inch gun in local control and a single Oerlikon. There seemed no hope of movement either up river or down without heavy loss of life. *The Communists*, he thought grimly, *can destroy us whenever they choose. . . .*

French Gets A Well-earned Rest

Another signal came through from Vice-Admiral Madden: FRENCH SHOULD GET SOME SLEEP. ARRANGE WHEN WE SHOULD CALL YOU AGAIN.

French closed down his connection with Hongkong. He fell asleep that night in the wireless office with his chair tilted back against the bulkhead and wearing his earphones. He had turned the volume up so that if any urgent message came it would waken him. He slept for three hours and then, cramped by his uncomfortable position, woke up. He was still very tired.

Meanwhile, Kerans sent word around the ship that if there were any men on board who had ever learned Morse they should report to him. Two men, Radio Mechanic Jack Rutter and Electrician Hugh Blomley, came forward. Neither was qualified to send or receive but each, years before, had learned the Morse alphabet. They admitted they had forgotten much of it. Kerans took them in to see French, who was on

Junk traffic sailing on the Yangtse. This

duty again. As they entered the wireless room French looked up, his eyes heavy with much-needed sleep. "The call sign," he explained to Rutter and Blomley, "is SQT. I'll ask Hongkong to send it very long and very slow. When you hear it coming over you can shake me awake and I'll take over." Then, while French caught up on his lost sleep, the two men took turns with the earphones. . . .

About this time, Stoker Mechanic Samuel Bannister and Boy Keith Martin were waiting fearfully at the Stevenson Mission hospital in Changchow. Through no fault of their comrades, they had been separated from the main party of *Amethyst's* wounded and evacuees, and although they had been operated on for their wounds a new crisis awaited them. Two days after their operation, Mary Wong, the hospital matron, had hurried into their room to tell them that Communists were entering the city. Bannister and Martin again felt terribly alone.

The Two-gun General

On the very evening the city was taken, a Communist general came to visit them. He could not have been more than five feet tall. He wore two pearl-handled revolvers in hip holsters and a bright red bandana stuck carelessly in his wide, leather belt. "You are from the ship *Amethyst?*" he asked. To make sure the two sailors understood, he wrote the name of the ship down on a piece of paper and showed it to them.

"Yes," Bannister admitted.

"What do you want me to do?" said the general. Bannister and Martin exchanged glances. Bannister said: "I want you to take us back to the ship." The little general shook his head. "No can do now," he said. "My armies advancing to Shanghai."

Bannister sighed. "Well, have you seen the *Amethyst?*" Neither he nor Martin had any way of knowing if the ship still existed or if it had been blown out of the water by the Communist artillery. They waited anxiously for the general's reply.

The general paused, as if he were weighing each word. "Yes. I have seen your ship."

"Are there any people on board?" The general did not seem to be able to grapple easily with Bannister's Irish brogue. Bannister repeated the question. "Yes," the general said. He had been sitting on a chair between the two single beds. Now he rose to his feet. "Goodbye," he said. His departure was as abrupt as his arrival.

Four days later Matron Mary Wong came to see them. "Two Communist soldiers are in my office," she said. "They wish to speak to you."

Bannister and Martin were feeling much better. They put on white hospital dressing-gowns and slippers and walked down to Mrs. Wong's office. The two Communists were there, waiting solemnly. The four sat silently while Mrs. Wong fetched pale tea in tall glasses. Then she said: "These two soldiers are going to take you back

picture—an all-too-familiar sight for *Amethyst's* men—was taken from aboard the ship by one of the officers during the long days of captivity

to your ship in a few days." She smiled. "You must hurry to get well."

Ten days later they left the hospital. At seven in the evening they dressed in brown hospital shirts and white American Navy pyjama trousers and white flannel hospital dressing gowns. Mrs. Wong showed them to the door of the hospital where the hospital chaplain, the superintendent and several nurses shook hands and wished them luck. Mrs. Wong had tears in her eyes as she said goodbye.

Bannister and Martin didn't know what to say. They were most grateful for the kindnesses and care they had received but they were not practised in saying so. "Thank you—for everything," Bannister said. "Me, too," said Martin. They both coloured with embarrassment.

Two rickshaws were waiting for them. They climbed in and the coolies padded through the narrow, cobbled streets that soon widened into the more modern thoroughfares in the centre of the city. Green-uniformed Communists were everywhere. The rickshaws stopped at a large, brick building—the Communist Army headquarters for that sector. The sailors climbed out and waited at the entrance of the building, not quite knowing what to do. Presently a soldier came out carrying some papers. He motioned for them to follow him and led the way to an Army lorry. The two sailors were put aboard with three armed guards and the lorry drove off.

"You British Are Tough"

Bannister now began to be teased by doubts. *Are they really taking us to the ship?* he worried. They drove on through the night. At one in the morning they came to another town and the lorry stopped in front of a large house. They were in Chingkiang, but Bannister and Martin did not know it. Communist soldiers poured out of the house. One of them, a huge man with a very wide, flat face, held a candle close to their faces. In English, he said: "Why did you fight against us?" He sounded belligerent about it.

"We didn't want to," Bannister said, "but you fired first. We had to save ourselves."

"Come inside with me." He had big, white teeth which gleamed in the candlelight. He took them inside and gave them warm water to drink and peanuts to eat. They were now in a large, well-lit living-room. An officer, sitting in a comfortably padded armchair, leaned forward with a packet of cigarettes, offering it to them. "Thank you," Bannister said. The officer waved his arm as if dismissing his generosity.

"You British are very tough," a frankly admiring voice said behind them. They turned. It was the big soldier with the gleaming teeth. He sat down beside them and told them about his family which, he said sadly, was very far away. Then he interpreted for the officer who spoke wistfully of his own wife and two children. With surprised relief, Bannister thought: *Anyway, they don't seem to mean us any harm.*

After a while the big soldier said: "I'm sure you must both be tired and would like to sleep."

"Yes, we would," Bannister agreed. The big one showed the way across a garden into another house. They climbed up steep stairs to a small attic room with one window. They slept that night on beds made of doors placed across boxes. The beds were very hard but Bannister and Martin were too tired to notice. There was a candle burning in the room which they didn't bother to snuff out. Just before they fell asleep they heard a guard snoring outside the door.

Next morning they were awakened by the sound of somebody humming and, as they opened their eyes, two soldiers came through the door carrying wash basins and water. For breakfast they had two hard-boiled eggs each and a bowl of rice each. With the bowls of rice were chopsticks. They had never tried chopsticks before. They peeled the shells off the eggs and ate them in their hands, all the time looking at the chopsticks and wondering about them. Then they tried picking the rice up with them.

"I can't seem to get the hang of this," Martin said. Bannister shook his head. "It beats me."

The guards saw their trouble and made signs that they should hold the bowls very near their open mouths and use the two sticks together to scoop up the rice. They tried it that way and found the method very satisfactory.

At about noon Bannister and Martin were taken back to the big house they had entered on their arrival the night before. They were given a room containing one single bed for the two of them and were told that they could walk through the house if they liked, but they could not go outside. Bannister strolled through the rooms of the house. Half a dozen soldiers were cleaning rifles and revolvers. One motioned Bannister over. He was cleaning two automatic revolvers. He pointed to a nameplate on one of them. It said: *Made in U.S.A.* He shook his head. "No good." Bannister pretended not to understand.

A captain who spoke a little English, a very small man with a round, guileless face, signalled Bannister into another room. He indicated a large wall map of the world and pointed first to China and then to Britain. "Far away," he said. Over the map was a photo of Mao Tse-tung. "Yes," Bannister said, thinking of his home in Belfast, "far away."

Given Plenty Of Food

That night the two were transferred to a third house. They were being well fed and well supplied with cigarettes. In addition to the staples of rice and eggs, they had been given cabbage, lettuce and small green onions. At dinner that night one of the Communist privates diffidently brought some brown sugar on a piece of paper and asked them by signs if they would like some on their rice. Martin, who had a sweet tooth, indicated he would. Bannister signified he would prefer more vegetables. This was granted.

The two were able to look out of a window over a parade ground where troops seemed to drill all day and all night. The soldiers sang and stamped their feet in unison. The pleasure they got out of their reedy music showed on their faces.

After they had been in the third house for a day and a night they were examined by an Army doctor called Wong Wei. "You'll be all right," he told Bannister, "so long as you don't get hit on the chest." He chatted with them for a while, getting more and more friendly. Finally, he asked, "Will you sing me a song?"

By now Bannister had become accustomed to the idea that the Chinese were extremely fond of singing. "What do you want me to sing?"

"That one Bing Crosby always sings."

"Which one?"

"'Moonlight and Roses.'"

"I'm sorry," Bannister said. "I don't know the words." The doctor cleared his throat happily. "All right. Then I'll sing it to you." He had, Bannister decided, quite a pleasant voice, but he was no Bing Crosby.

Taken Before The Colonel

After the song the Chinese doctor said: "My colonel would like you both to fill in these papers to tell us what happened to you." Bannister and Martin wrote guarded reports. The doctor smiled. "If there is anything you want," he offered, "just ask for it: chicken to eat, a new suit to wear, shoes—anything."

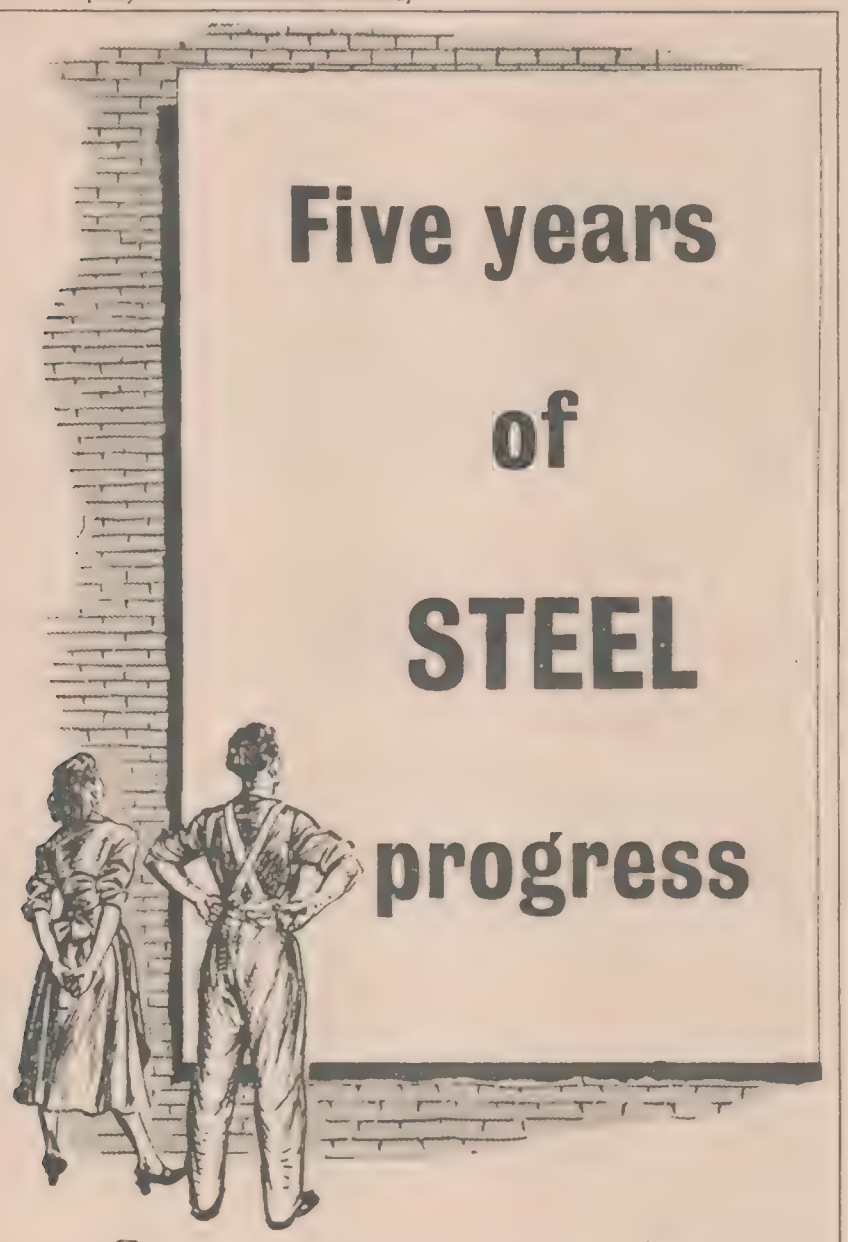
Bannister looked down at his pyjama trousers and brown shirt. He thought: *If these blokes are giving stuff away we might as well ask for it.* "I could use a new suit," he said, "and underclothes. And a towel, toothbrush and soap."

"Me, too," Martin said. The doctor shook hands and left. Next day, sure enough, the things they had asked for were delivered; but that night they had a less pleasant experience.

At about 10 p.m. a guard came to their room. "My colonel would like to see you," he said. He took them to an imposing stone house across the street and into a large room containing a round table, four chairs and no other furniture. The colonel sat at the table.

Colonel Kang (whom Kerans was to meet later) was a solidly built man whose face seemed cast in a grim mould. A Major Yan sat beside him. The major was small, wore glasses, seemed quick and intelligent. "Your names, rank, ship?" Major Yan asked briskly. Then, after Bannister and Martin had replied: "The colonel has something to say to you."

Colonel Kang looked at them silently for a moment. Then he began to speak in loud and angry Chinese. He harangued them for ten full minutes without interruption, eyeing Bannister and Martin balefully and gesticulating angrily. "I will explain what my colonel has said to you," the major said. "He is very angry with you two. Your ship entered Chinese waters and killed two hundred and fifty of his soldiers. Therefore, since you are both members of the crew of H.M.S. *Amethyst*, you cannot be left unresponsible. When we get your captain he



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shall die." (Actually, the Communists casualties had been inflicted largely by *Consort* during her attempt to rescue *Amethyst* after the attack.)

Bannister stood up. He was boiling mad. "You opened fire on us first!" he protested. "It wasn't our fault!"

The major held up his hand sternly. "Quiet! Martin may speak."

Martin said: "Well, it's true. You did open fire on us first."

The major got stiffly to his feet. "Go back to your room. We have nothing more to say to you." They returned to their room, talking over the meeting with Colonel Kang in worried tones. They couldn't sleep. "Do you think they're going to shoot us?" Martin asked. The same thought had occurred to Bannister. "No," he said. He kept thinking over and over again of the menacing phrase: "*You cannot be left unresponsible.*" When the first pale shaft of daylight squeezed through their small window they were still awake.

Next morning at ten the major came to their room. "I am sorry for the way I spoke last night," he said. "I have to obey orders, you understand. My colonel was very angry and he had every right to be. Of course, I know it isn't your fault. It's people like your captain and Churchill who are really responsible for the deaths of your sailors and our soldiers."

By now Bannister and Martin were suspicious of the major's overtures. He talked to them all that day, trying to convince them that Communism was the best thing for the world. He was well-educated and expressed his arguments forcibly. By the time the sun was setting, however, he saw that he was getting nowhere with the two young Britons. He said: "Do you have a sweetheart at home, Bannister?"

"Yes."

"I have a sweetheart, too. I haven't seen her for more than a year."

Bannister was tired of listening to him. "When are we going to be taken back to the ship?" he demanded.

"I can't answer that."

"Is the ship far from here?"

"Not far. I'll ask about getting you back to the ship as soon as possible," he said. Then he left.

A Bully Routed

One of the soldiers in the house was very big and strong. It was obvious that he considered himself to be irresistibly virile and he was not above behaving like a bully. One afternoon he indicated to Bannister that he wanted to play a game which would involve hooking his middle fingers with Bannister's. They hooked fingers. Then, laughing at Bannister with great glee, the Chinese pulled the sailor around the room, throwing him here and there with sudden jerks but hanging on to his fingers. Presently he tired of the game and let go.

Bannister, his eyes blazing, danced around the heavy-set bully. He flicked a fist into his flat face. He did it again. The Chinese had never experienced this game before. He retreated clumsily, but Bannister kept following him with stinging fists, until eventually the Chinese turned and fled out of the house. After that he did not again offer to pull Bannister's fingers.

That night the major called around to see them. "I think you will be able to return to your ship in a couple of days," he grinned. Bannister and Martin had begun to give up hope, but now their old optimism returned. When the Communists had promised them clothes they had got clothes. Now they had been told they would be taken back to the ship. Why shouldn't that come true as well?

The next day was May 25. Bannister and Martin had been away from *Amethyst* for thirty-five days. By now skilled in the use of chopsticks, they were eating their noon meal of rice and eggs when a small lorry pulled up in front of the house. The major bounced in. "You're going back to your ship today," he announced. "Come with me."

The soldiers with whom they had been living for so long followed them out of the house into the front garden and crowded around them and said goodbye in Chinese. Some came forward to shake hands. A private who spoke English well said: "We are sorry to see you go. We will all miss you very much." It was one o'clock. Bannister and Martin said goodbye and piled into the back of the lorry with Major Yan.

The major pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket and handed it to Bannister. On it was written: "We are returning Stoker Bannister and Boy Seaman Martin, two members of the crew of H.M.S. *Amethyst*, owing to the fact that there have always been good relations between China and England."

"That," the major said, "is for your captain."

Welcome Back

The lorry rolled along the rough road that hugged the river. Presently they climbed up a small hill and, from the crown, Bannister and Martin could see a naval vessel anchored in the river. There she was. There was the *Amethyst*.

"There doesn't seem to be much damage from here," Bannister said. Martin grinned. "Don't she look wonderful? Don't she look terrific?" For him, this was a long speech.

The lorry stopped in a tiny village and the two were taken into a cottage and told to sit and wait. Soon after the major came in. "One of your officers has landed to take you back to the ship with him," he said. Then Lieutenant Hett entered.

"Glad to see you, sir," Bannister said. He had never meant anything more. "Glad to see you both," Hett said. "How did they treat you?"

"Very well, sir." Hett took them back to the ship. The entire ship's company was on the quarterdeck to greet them. Ken Winfield, one of Bannister's friends, shouted out: "H'ya, Paddy! Are you okay, lad?" Bannister grinned. "I'm fine, mate."

Boy Bernard Shaw came over and thumped Martin on the back. "Gosh! I'm glad to see you, Keith. We thought you were dead. One of the other fellows was killed early on. Messed about, he was. And when you didn't show up we thought sure it was you."

"That so?" Martin said. He wasn't much of a one for talking, but it was good to get back to the ship.

NEXT WEEK: The long days of captivity. Kerans makes secret plans for escape

Stalin's Ambassador to God

AN almost unknown Soviet official, F. I. Philippov, is at the heart of a bewildering feature of Soviet policy—the mystery of God and the Kremlin.

Why has Stalin, through Philippov, taxed Christian burials in Estonia—and yet ordered Hungary to rebuild its churches? Why are nuns and priests arrested, though Red Army officers may freely pray in Moscow churches?

Read the Rev. W. E. Purcell's article, "Stalin's Ambassador to God," in . . .

JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

MURDER IN NAVARRE

Continued from page 7

would think they would be more careful, with cartridges at thirty-five francs each.

The inspector had just bought fifty cartridges himself, and he was about to make the sombre calculation of what the shooting season would cost him, when something caught his eye. Figures had emerged from the shade of the trees round Orbois; four human beings and two dogs—a little group that glittered like drops of water in the basin of the sun.

"Damn!" muttered the inspector. These people were going to be a nuisance; they were advancing along the line he was about to take himself. That half mile of maize and stubble hardly held quail enough for five guns and if, as he feared, this was the party from the château, matters were even worse. Monsieur Cardesse and his brother rarely missed a bird, and the inspector supposed that their guests were scarcely less brilliant shots than they.

He unslung the binoculars he always carried when shooting; the figures brimmed up to clarity under the lenses. On the right of the group was Charles Cardesse; next to him was his brother, Jacques; then came a woman in a grey blouse and yellow skirt, whom he had never seen before, and lastly, on the far left, another stranger, a tall man in whose dress and bearing there was something that proclaimed the foreigner—an Englishman, probably, the inspector concluded.

There was nothing for it but to wait. Vicq unloaded his gun, lit a cigarette and adjusted the binoculars.

The Cardesse party had stopped just short of the maize. Jacques Cardesse was giving orders, placing the guns. A queer man, thought the inspector; a moody, fastidious man, difficult to know, but popular with the peasants for his efficiency as a farmer and his passionate love of the land. The Cardesses had been at Orbois for four centuries and Jacques, as the head of the family, held a great name in the Béarnais. He had been twice married; his first wife had died when very young and his second, it was said, he had divorced because she could give him no children.

The Cardesse fortunes had melted in the last few years. Jacques had fought with the Free French during the war and the Orbois estate, without his direction, had fallen into ruin. There were no longer big house parties at the château, those junketings that were famous in the district a decade ago. Jacques, once one of the richest men in southern France, was feeling the wind. The inspector admired the way he met misfortune. Ruined or not, Jacques Cardesse remained the *"grand seigneur."*

That was more than could be said for his brother, Charles, who was at that moment loading his gun. The inspector had met him the year before; Charles came every season to Orbois for the shooting. A Parisian; polished, sure of himself, very rich and very talkative, he was not the sort of man the inspector ever found congenial. Village gossip said that he had made his pile in Paris during the war. Not entirely on the black market, nor altogether by working with the Germans, but not exactly honestly, either.

He had a wife; the woman in the yellow skirt might well be her. Tall and slim, she looked rather attractive as she bent down to pat one of the dogs, turning her head as she did so towards the stranger—he whom the inspector took for an Englishman —standing beside her.

Well, he wished they would get on with it. He looked at his watch. Almost half past seven.

At that moment the figures began to move. The inspector decided to wait. In twenty minutes the field would be clear for him. Quieting his dog, he settled down once more with the binoculars.

Jacques Cardesse and his friends were going to enter the maize in the same order as that in which they had approached it. The inspector noticed that instinctively. Charles Cardesse was on the right. On his left, and slightly in advance of the line, was his brother, Jacques. The woman came next, while on the far left was the tall stranger.

For a moment they stopped, glanced towards each other. Then, as Jacques waved the dogs forward and the inspector's hands tightened on his binoculars as theirs must have been tightening round the guns they held, they stepped into the maize and were lost to view.

The inspector put the binoculars back in their case. The sun was warm now, shining straight into his face. It shone on a heavy, thick-set man, red-hued and dark eyed, whose

THERE'S RHYTHM IN JAMAICA RUM

When I hear the thumping of the big bass drum
I can't help thinking of Jamaica Rum
Cornet, fiddle and euphonium
Also remind me of Jamaica Rum
With a rum tum tiddle and a rum tum tum
EVERYTHING reminds me of Jamaica Rum

One bottle goes such a very long way with these Jamaica Rum recipes:
Rum and Orange
Rum and Dash of Angostura
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LOOK FOR JAMAICA ON THE BOTTLE

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neat black moustache, set exactly below a generous Gascon nose, only accentuated the rotund formality of a face that is as common as grapes anywhere between Bordeaux and the Spanish frontier. It is a face that is usually topped by a mat of wiry hair, but in this particular the inspector failed the type. He was completely bald.

He picked up his binoculars again and focused on the maize.

Somewhere at the far end of the field, about fifty yards in from the point they had entered it, the inspector situated the guns. He saw nothing; the stalks, planted two feet apart, were much too high for man or animal to be visible in them; but an agitation on the green surface, rather like the gooseflesh a shoal of mackerel makes on the skin of the sea, told him that it was there the dogs were working.

As if to bear him out, he heard Jacques Cardesse's voice call sharply —and the agitation ceased. The inspector imagined the line halting; each gun would, he knew, be peering back and forth, watching for his neighbour, locating the dogs. This maize was difficult. One saw nothing and nobody. Alone in a green, whispering twilight, one hoped for the best and took all possible care. But it was in that twilight that the quail would be lying—if there were any quail, the inspector added ruefully.

But there were! For, even as the inspector lowered the glasses, a voice cried and *one—two—three* went the shots. Then, for a second, came silence. Then came, not the sound the inspector waited for, the "Seek, seek, I looorst" from Jacques Cardesse, but a thin sharp scream and, almost simultaneously, the sound of two men gruffly shouting.

NEXT moment the inspector was running stolidly down the hill, kicking his excited dog out of the way at every step. But run as he would, it was long before he reached the far end of the maize field that he saw two men emerge from it, two men who carried a third and were followed by the woman in the yellow skirt.

Charles and the Englishman, the inspector noted as he ran. And it's Jacques that has been shot. Either by Charles or the woman, who had been respectively on his right and left. Provided, of course, that all had kept their original places. It was probably the woman, the inspector told himself. Charles was far too old a hand to take the slightest chance in so dangerous a place as a maize field.

And so it proved; for one look at the dead man's face showed that the shot had come from the left.

The horrified voice of Charles broke in:

"Jacques was a few paces in front of the line. The dogs pointed a quail somewhere between him and my wife. He must have gone forward. The quail rose and we all fired. My wife thought it was a safe shot. . . ." Charles spread his hands.

"I understand," said the inspector, turning towards Denise Cardesse and wondering miserably what one could say to a woman who had just shot her brother-in-law dead. "Perhaps, Monsieur Cardesse, you would take madame back to the château? And telephone to Navarreaux for an ambulance? Meanwhile, sir," addressing the man who was, in fact, an Englishman and who had been introduced to the inspector as Mr. Lambert, "you might help me to collect the guns. They are still in the maize, I suppose?"

"Yes. I suppose we all dropped them when the accident happened," said the Englishman, who seemed to speak French very well.

"We'll all meet at the château, then?" said Charles Cardesse.

"Yes, please. I'll take statements from you all. I have to, you know."

The setters, wet and muddy, broke from the field and galloped towards them. The inspector strolled away; he didn't want the dogs to fawn on Jacques Cardesse. One of them was carrying something and, as he took the still glossy and unbedraggled quail from the dog's mouth the inspector couldn't restrain an envious sigh, comparing this beautiful creature with his own willing but iron-jawed little mongrel.

The bird had been cleanly shot; a pellet of lead came away from its throat into the inspector's palm. For a moment he rolled it between his finger and thumb; then he put the quail in his bag, called to Lambert, and plunged into the maize.

A few minutes later they came on the guns. In three of them, one—the right—barrel had been fired. In the fourth, Jacques Cardesse's, both barrels were still loaded. The inspector collected all the cartridges, fired and unfired, and put them in his pocket.

"Did you kill the quail, Mr. Lambert?"

"No, I missed. Went right behind it."

"How good a shot, Mr. Lambert, is Madame Cardesse?"

"Brilliant, for a woman. I've shot with her in England. I consider her the best woman shot I've ever seen."

THE inspector was stubbing his right index finger against his cheek, a habit of his when he had a problem to solve. In his left hand he held the dead quail, which he had taken from his bag. Lambert looked at the bird.

"Not much compensation," he said bitterly, "for a fatal accident."

Vicq shook his head; then suddenly decided to take the Englishman into his confidence. "This was no accident, Mr. Lambert. It was murder."

They were not long in returning to the château. The inspector drove slowly. There were some things he wanted to know before they arrived.

"What exactly happened in the maize just before the accident, Mr. Lambert?"

"Well," said the Englishman, "I suppose it happened just as these things always do. We were advancing in line, quite normally——"

"That is to say," put in the inspector, "Charles Cardesse was on the right, then came Jacques with the woman on his left, and then, on the side nearest the clover, yourself?"

"That's correct."

"That was the order, I think, in which you had entered the maize?"

"Yes."

"And, as far as you know, that order remained unchanged?"

"I'm certain of it."

"Why are you so certain of it, Mr. Lambert?"

"Well, we kept calling to each other, as people do when shooting in thick cover." Lambert was getting a little impatient. The inspector sensed it; but he had to have time, had to get everything clear in his mind.

"Quite so. And after about five minutes the dogs pointed a quail. Did you see the point?"

"Yes. That is, I caught a glimpse of the dog pointing, enough to put me on my guard."

"And then?"

"The quail rose between Denise and myself. Rather more to her front than to mine. But it was a legitimate shot, one of those cases when one must fire without being certain that it is one's bird or not."

"I quite understand. And you and Madame Cardesse fired almost simultaneously. Which of you fired first has no importance. What matters more is that Charles fired before either of you. And what matters most is that Jacques did not fire at all. His gun hadn't jammed, I verified that. And if you and the woman saw the bird, it is almost certain that Jacques saw it, too. After all, it was pointed by his own dogs, dogs that were working in front of him."

The inspector had spoken quickly. So far, the story was clear. It was now that he needed Lambert's help.

"I want you to think very carefully, Mr. Lambert. Was that sight you had of the dog pointing the very first indication of game since you had all entered the maize?"

"I think so. The quail was certainly the first bird we had seen."

"The first bird you had seen, yes. But had there been no warning of game before that? I mean, before the dog pointed and the bird was flushed?"

Lambert looked at the inspector. "Well, now you mention it, I think somebody did call out. Of course, Jacques was calling to his dogs frequently. . . ."

"I don't mean that. I mean didn't somebody call just before the point, the moment before you fired?"

"Yes! Someone did. Somebody called 'Mark!' I remember because I had almost begun to turn when I saw the dog pointing. Then the quail rose and I took the shot."

"Why had you almost begun to *turn*, Mr. Lambert?"

"Well, I suppose—although I can't remember exactly—that I must have heard somebody call a mark behind me."

"Of course. Why else should you begin to turn? But was that all you heard, that cry of 'Mark!'? If, as you say, you instinctively began to turn, mustn't you have heard 'Mark! Behind!'?"

Lambert said the words aloud: "Yes, that's quite right. That was what was shouted — 'Mark! Behind!' "

The inspector decreased speed. The long poplar avenue that led to the château was coming into sight. "I want you to think very clearly, please. Put yourself back there in the maize. Imagine the moment again. I suggest that another word was shouted—a name. I suggest that the cry you heard was 'Mark! Behind! *Jacques!*' "

"Yes. You're right! Charles shouted just before we fired."

"Thank you, Mr Lambert." The inspector relaxed. Once more he set the equation up in his mind. How limpid it looked; how beautifully everything seemed to cancel out!—except the unknown x which stubbornly refused to equal anything.

IT still equalled nothing when the inspector turned his Citroën through the château gates. Inside, Charles Cardesse was leaning against the fireplace in the hall. "A drink, Inspector?"

"Not just yet, thank you, Monsieur Cardesse. Is madame upstairs?"

"Resting. Rather knocked up, you understand."

But the trouble was that the inspector didn't understand. Staring out of the window, he prodded savagely at his cheek. Lambert was outside, striding up and down the lawn. Beyond it, framed elegantly between two clumps of ancient cork trees, was the Valley of Orbois. From it, mockingly, shots and more shots tintinnabulated faintly. The whole world was shooting now. The inspector damned the whole world.

He could even see a tall, black-clad figure walking down the white road from the church: monsieur le curé who, cassock flapping and gun on shoulder, was going to do a little shooting himself. The inspector damned the curé, too — and immediately felt twice guilty. First, because one should never damn a priest; and next, because he liked the curé very much. A really decent man and, what was more, a really

LIVING LANGUAGE

by George Beardmore

WHY WE SAY . . . GOING TO THE DOGS

SHYLOCK, in *The Merchant Of Venice*, cried bitterly: "Another time you call me dog"—yet even centuries before Shakespeare the word "dog" was being used, as it is today, as a term of contempt.

The Romans used their word "canis," a dog, to mean also the ace in dice. When a Roman dice-thrower threw three "dogs" he lost the game. So dogs became associated with bad luck and "gone to the dogs" a witty way of describing someone else's ruin—especially if it were his own fault through gambling.

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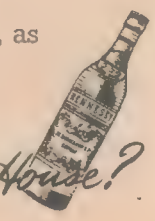

Is there a Hennessy in the House?

JB

decent shot—although he was a curé and in spite of the fact that he was a left-hander.

A left-hander! The inspector almost hissed with excitement. The equation leapt up in his mind; but this time everything made solid, simple sense. He called to Lambert and turned back into the room.

Madame had come down. Suitably attired in a black cocktail gown, she advanced from the shadows across the polished floor. Charles Cardesse held a chair for her.

"We are at your disposal, Inspector. You would do us all a service if you could get it over as soon as possible."

"It will be over sooner than you think, monsieur. I arrest you for the murder of your brother, Jacques Cardesse; and you, madame, as an accessory after the fact."

"I THINK we both need a drink," said Lambert when, six hours later, he and the inspector were sitting in the warm sun on the terrace of the château. Inspector Vicq, as a Bordelais should, usually drank nothing but *gros rouge*—big, heavy glasses of a big, heavy wine. But today, he considered, he could justifiably give himself some alcohol. It had all turned out for the best, but he had taken risks; a little *pernod* would do him good.

When his glass was full he raised it to the Englishman. "Thank you, Monsieur Lambert, for all the help you gave me."

"How on earth did I help you?"

"You helped me prodigiously. In the first place, you missed the quail. . . ."

The Englishman shook his head. "Explain."

"Let's start from the murderer's end of the business," the inspector began. "Charles Cardesse had decided to kill his brother by faking a shooting accident. His wife, Denise, was his willing accomplice. But the accident had to be foolproof. As perhaps you know, Monsieur Lambert, we French police always insist on the reconstruction of any fatality as soon as possible after, and on the same ground as, such a fatality occurred. They are very thorough affairs and often give us valuable, sometimes decisive, clues."

"I know. And the accused must be present."

"Precisely. Well, Charles Cardesse knew that; so his 'accident' had to be a good one. That is where his headache began. It was notorious that there was bad blood between him and his brother. Notorious that Jacques despised him, Charles, for his shady activities in Paris and for his dirty money. Notorious, too, that Charles would inherit this château if Jacques died, Jacques having no children. And Charles Cardesse wanted this place. He was anxious to leave his past well buried and become a respectable country gentleman . . . the head of the Cardesse family.

"There were several reasons, then, why the 'accident' had to be convincing. It would have been too suspect, even to an inspector of country police, for Charles to admit that he had 'accidentally' shot his brother. He had too many arguments for doing so deliberately. No, he had to make it appear that somebody else had killed Jacques. He chose his wife for that rôle."

"But why, if Denise was her husband's accomplice, didn't she kill Jacques herself?"

"Two reasons, I think. To wish somebody dead, and even to be willing that your husband make him so, is one thing. To kill him yourself, is quite another. Charles knew there must be no mistakes. He was certain of himself; he could not be certain of Denise, could not be certain that when it came to the point, in the maize down there, she would take aim deliberately, at five yards' range . . . and pull the trigger. After all, she is a woman. No," the inspector said, "Charles was taking no risks. He was going to run the show himself."

The inspector helped himself to another *pernod*. For a moment he was silent, watching the smoky liquid, green as maize, welling up in the water.

"Charles Cardesse was sure of himself. But he wanted no mistakes. He was going to have a witness. You were the witness, Monsieur Lambert. And a good one. An honourable man, a foreigner; somebody who could never be suspected of being 'in the know.' On the contrary. As a friend of Jacques Cardesse, you would be ruled out immediately. So far, so good. Unfortunately for Charles, he had another witness—myself."

"But you saw nothing."

"Nothing. But I heard something. Something that was quite innocent in itself but which, added to two casual observations, became very suspicious indeed. But let's get back to the murderers in the maize. Everything is now arranged. Charles is to kill Jacques and make it appear that his wife has done so accidentally. Good. He chooses the best place—the maize field. Charles was determined that you, Lambert, would see nothing, but could afterwards swear to the position of the guns. I daresay Charles suggested the positions?"

The Englishman nodded. "Yes."

The inspector said: "It couldn't have been very difficult. Well, the stage is set. At what he judged the right moment Charles was to call a warning to Jacques. That was the prearranged signal for Denise to fire her gun. Fire it anywhere. For, of course, as it was to be Denise who, ostensibly, had killed Jacques, her gun must show at least one barrel discharged. As she fires, Charles kills his brother. But there was one thing he had to be very careful about—the wound on the body. The wound *had* to be on the left-hand side of the face."

"As it was."

"Yes. But Charles was on the

THE HUMAN MACHINE

The enemy within

WE all cherish doubts and fears that check our actions and arrest our minds. Psychologists call them "inhibitions." I call most of them private superstitions.

"They can who think they can," is largely true, but perhaps even truer is : "They can't who think they can't." You may fail if you try, but you'll certainly never succeed if you don't try.

I suspect that many of our so-called inhibitions are nothing more than mental laziness.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Hello! Something's the matter. They've quarrelled and are refusing to fight"

right of Jacques before he fired. That was the point at which I was stuck."

The inspector smiled. "Let's go back—for nearly the last time—to the maize. The story was to be: 'A quail got up' But, of course, there was to be no quail. The quail was to be imaginary. The fact that you would testify that *you* hadn't seen it would carry no weight at all. Every sportsman knows that, in thick cover, all the guns do not necessarily get a sight of every bird flushed. So Charles was quite safe on that point. But a million-to-one chance came off. Something he could not possibly anticipate. A quail *did* get up. More than that, it got up at exactly the moment that Charles called his false 'Mark!' which was the signal for him to kill Jacques and for Denise to fire her gun."

"How is Charles compromised by that?"

"He isn't—yet. In fact, it was an excellent thing for him. Better still, for his story, if you, the witness, could say that there really had been a quail. But, unfortunately for Charles, his wife was betrayed by her reactions. Denise Cardesse, an expert and experienced shot, fired at the bird automatically—and killed it."

"But all is still in order. Charles can say that *he* killed the bird at which his wife was shooting when she accidentally hit her brother-in-law. The fact that she, and not he, hit the bird, doesn't matter, as they are accomplices. Surely they are in a stronger position than before?"

"On the face of it—yes. The dead quail was an unheard-of piece of luck for them. But you fired, too, Monsieur Lambert."

"And missed."

"You missed. That was where their headache—and mine—began. You were using cartridges charged with No. 9 shot, I think?"

"Correct."

"I found that out when I examined the guns. And the quail had been shot with No. 9, because a pellet of that shot had come away into my hand when I took the bird from the setter's mouth. Up to that point I was still quite unsuspicious. I thought that you or Charles had killed it; it hardly seemed to matter which. Then, when you told me you were positive that you had missed, I was certain that it was Denise, not Charles, who had killed the quail."

"Why not Charles?"

"Because I remembered he had been using No. 8 shot. And when I had another look at the body before we went up to the château, I found what I was looking for . . . No. 8 shot. But yet I was baffled. The position of the wound confused me. It was on the left-hand side."

The inspector paused. "If you are shooting with me, Monsieur Lambert, and I suddenly call 'Mark! Behind!' which way do you instinctively turn?"

"Let me think. To the left, I suppose."

"Of course. It's natural to shoot off the left leg; one is more surely balanced that way, because the gun is on the right shoulder. I knew, because I had heard it myself, that somebody had shouted just before the shots were fired. I felt that if I could decipher exactly what that cry had been I could begin to fit things together. Somehow, I had to imagine a feasible way by which Charles Cardesse had made his brother turn *right-handed* towards him—thus presenting the left side of his body to his murderer.

"I was still without the clue when we arrived here. Then, just in time, standing at the window there, I noticed our good curé walking down the road with his gun. I often shoot with the curé and quite naturally, when I saw him this morning, a picture of him shooting came into my mind. Shooting left-handed, from the left shoulder. Then I remembered that Jacques Cardesse had been left-handed, too, and my picture was complete.

"You know the rest. I think it was that detail, more than the evidence of the pellets even, that made Charles break down and confess. After all, how was I to prove that Denise had not loaded one cartridge of No. 8 and another of No. 9 in her gun? The cartridge cases are not marked on the outside. The only indication of the shot used is on the cardboard disc which is blown away when the shot is fired."

"It's curious that Charles did not make sure that he and his wife were using the same number shot."

The inspector nodded. "Yes. It was a mistake, the only one he made. But I can understand it. After all, he couldn't anticipate that an inspector of police would be on the spot. If I hadn't been there the inquiry would not have taken place before the day after tomorrow. By that time Charles would have had everything cut and dried."

THE inspector drained his glass and stood up. Carefully, as if smoothing the icing round a cake, he adjusted the beret on his head. Their footsteps, as they crossed the hall, rang forlornly through the empty house.

"It's sad," he said, thinking of the vanished families that had walked and talked in those rooms, "to consider that there will never be a Cardesse here again."

"But there will," said Lambert. "Jacques married an English girl, a cousin of mine, in London during the war. He kept the marriage secret until all his debts were paid off and he could bring his wife to a place that was really his own. She was to have arrived next week."

"And is there a child?"

"Yes. A son."

The inspector smiled. He felt suddenly so much better that not even a bevy of quail rising invitingly from the stubble could depress him, as he turned his car towards Navarreaux and duty. THE END

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"What's that little spin-wheel for?"

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"Usually, because coke isn't rationed. It only needs a sack and a half a week. But a Rayburn will burn almost anything."

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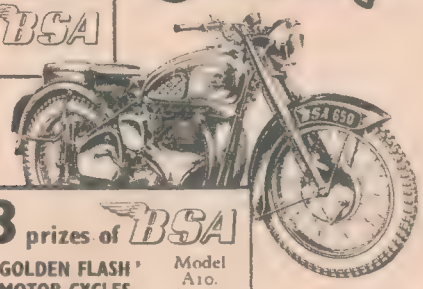

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JB

PERFECT DAY

Continued from page 11

promotion. She hadn't really known Roy Cory until this holiday. He was Malcolm's friend, but it was she who had been the cause of his coming on this trip. She and Malcolm had been discussing it one day in a City tea-shop. Roy, who was present, had looked so wistful that, on an impulse, she had said, "Why not join us?"

The men had been in the Army together, were great friends; she had thought Malcolm would be delighted at the suggestion coming from her. Roy had jumped at it. Malcolm had said, "Sure, come with us." But he had been none too demonstrative about it. Perhaps even then he had foreseen that Roy would fall for her.

By no word or sign, during the past eight glorious days, had Roy shown what he felt; but she knew. And Malcolm's subtle "Hands off" air in his manner to Roy, amusing to her at first, now irritated her. Didn't he trust her? She loathed possessiveness and jealousy. It could ruin the whole holiday. She turned impatiently from the balustrade. Fetching her rucksack from her room, she settled down at the balcony table and threaded a needle. A day by herself, at leisure, was rather a godsend. It was a breathing space, a chance to overhaul not only her kit, but certain gnawing little doubts in her mind.

It was peaceful here. The sunshine grew hot. It drew a tobacco scent from the bundles of black leaf hung from the eaves to dry. Of the inhabitants of this hoary stone Andorran village, she could see only a couple of black-shawled women. Kneeling at the river's edge, they patiently cudgelled clothes spread on the rocks. Occasionally, in the heights, some wandering hunter's gun started the echoes.

Perhaps, Olna reflected, as her needle flashed, holidays for three, like this, were always a mistake. She remembered how she had smiled at her mother's raised brows. She smiled to herself now a little ruefully as she snapped off a length of cotton. And she looked up as the plump girl with the plaits came sidling out on to the balcony.

Paquita put a ramshackle old stalking-telescope on the table. "To see your friends," she giggled, and escaped in a spasm of bashfulness.

OLNA levelled the telescope at the upper slopes of the mountain. The aspens shook their leaves like bobbins in the circle of the scratched lens. Heat-currents quivered visibly over the trees. High up, at the timber line, a narrow path snaked across a great buttress patched with low-growing shrub, with here and there a stunted rock-pine. Below the path, the shrubs sloped away to the lip of a ravine; above the path were groins and crevasses down which tumbled the white torrents whose deep note she could hear.

Somewhere up there, cupped between summits, lay the lake. She could imagine how lonely and blue it would be under the sky. Roy would appreciate it; he had an eye for beauty. Malcolm would think only of trout.

Guiltily, she rejected the comparison. It wasn't fair. She oughtn't to think like that. These comparisons, these gnawing, small doubts, made her angry with herself. She levelled the telescope again. This time a flickering high up in the leaf-shadow caught her eye. Following the movement, she saw the red-and-black glimmer of Malcolm's lumber-jacket as he came out from the trees on to the path. He went on steadily; then Roy, too, emerged into the sun-glare. When she lowered the telescope, they were scarcely visible — black dots against the rock.

From the heights came the abiding note of the torrents. Heat quivered over the slope below the path. The shrubs seemed almost to be moving. She raised the telescope and the shrubs came close. They *were* moving. They were sliding downward.

Her heart gave a great thud. She was on her feet, the telescope to her eye. And, far away up there, shale and shrubs burst suddenly over the lip of the ravine below the path. A boulder, rolling down the slope, leaped suddenly into space. A whole section of the path was crumbling away, sliding from under Malcolm's feet. She saw him pitch on his side, clutching at shrubs that tore away in his hands. He rolled over and over, brought up with a jerk against the base of a dwarf pine growing at the lip of the ravine.

The tree tilted outward, its roots exposed, as earth and stones funnelled away. But the tree held, precariously, with Malcolm, her fiancé, slung as limply across its base as a figure of straw.

SHE had to lower the telescope for an instant to clear her vision. Her heart thumped with sledge-hammer strokes. When she looked again, Malcolm was still there, unmoving. He must have struck his head, lost consciousness.

A flicker of khaki up on the path, to the left of the ten-yard breach, drew her attention. It was Roy, lying flat, face down. He seemed to be watching Malcolm. He might have been calling to him. She didn't know. All she could hear was the ringing of the river below the balcony.

The pine jerked, leaning. Roy rose to his knees, looked back along the path. She was with him. Her heart beat with his. His thoughts were hers. Safety was there—ten paces from him—safety among the trees.

He looked down again at Malcolm. The tree still held, but it seemed as though the slightest movement, such as he might make if he recovered consciousness, would dislodge it.

Roy moved. He swung his legs over the edge of the path, and in a sitting position, digging in his heels, clutching shrubs with his hands, he started downward in a series of hitches, working himself obliquely to the left, towards the gap gouged by the landslide.

Again her vision blinded. She had to lower the telescope. Hammering in her head was the thought, *I* made them go! *I* sent them!

She looked again through the telescope. A chill fled down her spine. The tree was moving, tilting unhurriedly to the drag of its branches. The last roots tore loose. The tree sailed downward, turning slowly over and over. But the men were still on the slope. They lay there, motionless in the sun.

Roy seemed now to be on top of Malcolm. He had turned the unconscious man on his back and tied Malcolm's wrists round his own neck.

The fall of earth and stones, following the tree, finally ceased. And Roy, straddling the man beneath him, lifted first his left foot and dug it in, then his right. Clutching the shrubs, he heaved upward, dragging Malcolm under him. After a while, she saw that Malcolm, too, was digging his heels in, helping. Painfully, with interminable halts between each

"You must have the wrong number. I haven't got a beautiful sister"

effort, they neared the edge of the path. She didn't see the final effort that took them to safety. When she looked again, both men were lying flat on the path. Her own breath laboured as though she had been there with them; she felt their exhaustion in her own nerves and muscles. She sank down on the stool, pressing her hands to her face.

"Señorita?" Olna looked up quickly. Paquita had come out on to the terrace. Tossing back her plaits from her swarthy, plump face, shining with the heat, she clapped bread and sausage on the table, and a globular glass wine-vessel with two long spouts. *"Buen' provecho,"* she said, with a writhe and a titter.

THE afternoon was interminable. Olna tried to sew, but there was a tremor in her fingers. She kept seeing that tree falling, slowly turning over and over. Only it seemed to be a man's figure that she saw—and her scalp tingled. Over and over again she lived that endless minute when Roy had hesitated between retreat to safety and the fearful risk of going to Malcolm's aid. And a question tortured her. She tried to seal her mind against it, but it returned again and again, insidious, treacherous.

"I mustn't think like this," she told herself. "I *mustn't!*" But the question persisted. If the positions had been reversed, would Malcolm have done what Roy had done? With his possessiveness, his knowledge that Roy had been coming more and more between her and himself, would Malcolm have made the choice which Roy had made? It wasn't the question of an hour or even of a day. All her life, if she married Malcolm, it would remain there, buried, in the back of her mind. Waking and in dreams, she would see again and again that scene in the circle of the telescope. And secretly, looking at Malcolm, she would wonder in her heart: Would you have done what Roy did? Would you? *Would* you?

She was in her room, with its rafters, its board floor, its huge bed and whitewashed walls, when at last she heard the men come clumping up the wooden stairs.

"Olna?" Malcolm's voice called.

Her hands clenched. She had a feeling almost of panic at the thought of facing them, hearing their story. She distrusted her confusion of mind and feeling. She moistened her lips, tried to keep her tone light. "I'm in here."

"How about a drink?"

"Just coming."

She had to go. She finished brushing her hair, drew a long breath. She lifted the heavy old iron door-latch, walked through the primitive room where Paquita was dumping horn-handled knives and forks on the table for dinner, and stepped out on to the balcony. Malcolm was there, filling his pipe.

"Hallo," he said. "All right?"

She nodded. She couldn't bring herself to look at him. She walked to the balustrade. Shadow was creeping, now, along the floor of the valley, but on the peaks, high up, there was still a wash of rose. The wooden rail felt sun-warmed under her hands.

"How did *you* get on?" she said.

"Had a bit of an accident," he said. "We never even reached the lake."

She waited for him to go on and tell her what had happened.

Instead, he said: "Have you given the heel a good rest? Think you'll be all right for the hike tomorrow?"

Was that, she thought incredulously, all he intended to say? Did he intend making little of Roy's heroic feat? She turned slowly, looking at him. "What sort of an accident?" she said.

He was going to try and laugh it off, she saw. Her heart sank, and then Roy wandered out on to the balcony. "Thanks for the loan, Malcolm," he said. "I was a fool to start out this morning in just a thin shirt, with a sunburn like I've got." He tossed a red-and-black checked lumber-jacket on the table. He was quieter, reserved, shaken. He said, seriously: "Did Malcolm tell you what happened?"

Olna was looking at the lumber-jacket. She couldn't take her eyes off it. Her throat ached. She didn't know whether she wanted to laugh or to cry.

"Anything wrong, darling?" Malcolm said.

His hand closed on her, and she laughed, then. She laughed, and she pressed his arm impulsively, hard, against her side. "Nothing," she said. "Nothing. It's been a perfect day!" THE END

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WW 46

THE DESPERATE WOMAN

Continued from page 15

they brought medicine for me. For my sake."

At last Anne was listening intently. "If you didn't kill the American, who did?"

"Paul. Anton and Valentin were posted as look-outs while Paul and Red went inside. All of them had guns, the guns we had taken from the guards in the camp when we escaped. They didn't tell me right away when they came back. It only came out because Paul said it might be safer to split up, so that we would be less conspicuous. That's when I asked, and they all looked at Paul, and Paul nodded. He said he couldn't help it. They were going to arrest him. That was why he shot the American. We were still talking about it, when Red came running in. The police were searching the block of ruins where we were hiding."

Simeon paused. After a while, he continued in a low, flat voice. "If it hadn't been for me, there wouldn't have been a murder. They broke into the depot to save my life. Now it was my turn."

"Did you think what it would mean? Death, perhaps. At best a lifetime spent in prison?"

"They had been ready to pay a price for my life. Besides, death didn't frighten me. They all had something to live for. Family, friends, children. What was there left for me?"

"But you had me!"

"I told you I thought you were dead."

"When were you told I was dead?"

"During one of those nights while we were hiding in the ruins. Paul said he had known it all along, but hadn't wanted to tell me. Because he thought I wouldn't last out if I knew. But now when there was danger of being caught he wanted me to know."

"Why?" she asked abruptly. "Why did he want you to know then?"

"He knew all that mattered to me was to find you. He was afraid I might do something desperate if we were arrested."

Anne glanced up at him quickly, sharply. A chill ran down her spine. Now she, too, leaned against the wall next to Simeon. "So you confessed!"

"It seemed only fair. Don't you see? I said I would. And, anyway, nothing mattered any more."

"And they accepted?"

"There was no time left for discussion. We were found a moment or two later, and when they arrested us I stepped forward and confessed." He laughed bitterly. "Now will you believe me?"

GROTE said: "You cannot ask me to believe this. It is fantastic." He sat behind his desk, feeling impatience mount in him as he glanced at Rodasky and the girl. Half an hour ago, after having asked for permission to see him, they had come to him with this unbelievable tale of altruism, comradeship and despair.

Grote looked at Anne's calm, intelligent face and shook his head angrily. "I understand, I understand perfectly, Fraulein Thiolat, that a woman in love is ready to accept anything which would clear the man she loves. But I have to draw your attention to the fact that Vernon, Rodasky," he corrected himself badtemperedly, "confessed."

"I know he did. But if he had the chance to tell a new court. . . ."

"I'm sorry," said Grote, "but please be reasonable. Even if you could get a retrial, put yourself in the position of the judge and the jurors for one moment, if it is possible for you to think logically. Here is a man who confessed five years ago to a crime he now says he never committed. Why did he confess? Yes, yes. I know what you are going to say. But who is going to believe it? For them Rodasky will be a man who changed his mind when he found out the woman he loved was alive—a man who suddenly had a reason to be free."

"You make it sound so hopeless, Herr Direktor," said Anne, rising from her chair and walking past the warden's desk to where Simeon stood near the window. "It isn't hopeless, Simeon." Her clear, calm voice was raised a little so that it sounded even clearer and calmer. "Not at all hopeless. It is only a question of time. Do you hear, Simeon? We will find them, somehow, somewhere."

She turned back to Grote. "With your permission," she said, "I would like Simeon to give me an exact description of the four persons involved. We could set the police on their trail, couldn't we? Engage private detectives, something like that. I'd like to talk it over with a lawyer. I know you have been most generous, Herr Direktor, and most patient." She smiled a little. "I hope you won't mind if I ask for another half hour extension of my visit to take some notes."

THE warden lifted a resigned hand. "Very well." He opened a drawer and pushed across to her a pad and a sharply pointed pencil. Rodasky, he thought, Vernon. It had to be straightened out, this matter of different nationality and name. He sighed as he thought of all the red tape involved and how long it would take to have this confusion remedied. A month, perhaps a year—who could tell?

He moved a chair for Anne into the light of his desk lamp and heard her say: "Remember now, Simeon. Every little detail you can think of. Try to remember exactly what they looked like. Everything counts."

"Valentin Slada," Simeon said. "He must be about thirty now. A small man, five foot four or five at the most, with a thick mop of hair. Fair. Grey eyes. No special identification that I can think of except that he was always hankering for a cigar. He came from Wittkowitz in Czechoslovakia. And then there was Red. Maybe he'd dyed his hair. It was such an odd colour we never could tell. It was red with streaks of brown in it. He had very large eyes, very deep-set and dark, and enormous ears. He came from Budapest and said he'd just started working as a printer when the Germans caught him. He was the same age as Slada. He was the one that was engaged to be married. Red Kruck."

Grote turned back to the window. Dusk was settling. Far, far away the snow on the mountains made a slightly lighter line in the grey of the late March afternoon.

"And then there was Anton. Anton Woiczi. Fair, blue-eyed. A mechanic from Pilsen. He looked clumsy and seemed slow, but he wasn't really. He was just thorough. He always wanted to be a farmer. He used to stoop and pick up some dirt and crumble it between his fingers and smell it. He had a wife and two children, although he was only twenty-four then. Two fingers on his right hand were

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Young Michael's Profession

The lights went out in Harry Bush's life when the Doctor told him there was no hope for his young wife's recovery.

When she died there seemed to be nothing worth living for. Then Harry had to think of the most important thing he had left: his baby boy—and hers. He couldn't give him a mother's care; but he could and would give him a father's thought for the future. For the sake of the boy, he took out with me an endowment policy on his own life. Month by month, out of his wages, in good times and bad, Harry Bush managed to keep up his premiums.

I watched young Michael grow up. He was always keen on drawing and on the day I paid out the endowment of nearly £100 his father told me that the boy wanted to be an architect. 'It'll be a step up like, in our family', Harry grinned.

Michael has now begun his studies. I don't know how high he will rise in his profession, but I do know the satisfaction Harry feels that his forethought has helped to give the lad a good start in life.

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missing. That happened to him in the camp. I mean in the mines. Anton sometimes threw fits. He had claustrophobia."

Simeon paused. "Then there was Paul," he went on. "Paul Jablonsky. He came from the German-Polish borderlands. He spoke Polish and German equally well. He was studying marine engineering when the war broke out. He had always considered himself a Pole but the Germans thought otherwise. His family had opted for Germany after the first World War, so to them he was a German. They put him in the Navy—on a submarine. He used to console us when the soil on top of us grew too oppressive."

When he spoke of Paul, his voice had changed from an automatic recording of personalities. Suddenly it had warmth. "There was nothing outstanding about Paul's appearance. He was medium size, dark hair, only the small scar over his left eye. It was the way he moved and spoke that gave him personality. He was always a step ahead of everybody else. He had such an agile mind. He was easily impatient when we couldn't follow him at once and he'd have to explain something all over again. He had quick movements, too. Perfect co-ordination. And he didn't believe in anything really, except loyalty. Loyalty was his god."

"And he was the one who told you I was dead."

It wasn't a question. It was a suspicion calmly, ironically voiced. But Simeon, looking now out of the darkening window, failed to grasp the deeper meaning of Anne's words. He took them for a mere statement. He nodded. "Yes."

"I'm sorry," said the warden suddenly. "This will have to do. You will be allowed to see Rodasky every two months. In case you are going to have a lawyer to look into this matter, he can call twice a month." He rose, pushed his chair back. "Five more minutes," he added, leaving the room.

Only then did the reality of their situation overwhelm them. A minute ticked away and they didn't know how to make use of it. And another, and another.

Again Anne was the first to speak. "I had made up my mind to wait for you thirty years," she whispered. "Now it will be much sooner, Simeon. So much sooner. In a little while all this"—she gestured towards the barred window, then touched the rough cloth of Simeon's overalls—"all this will be nothing but a nightmare."

BECKER was taking Simeon down to the reception room. "Too bad about Ritter," he said. Walking by his side, Simeon was only dimly aware of the fact that Becker was talking. He was trembling inside and the only thing he could think of to hide his excitement was to count his footsteps. To Becker, though, he seemed annoyingly calm.

How different he looked. He'd put on weight these last months. One could hardly recognize him. "Too bad about Ritter," Becker said again. "Haven't you heard?"

Of course, he knew Rodasky hadn't heard. Since Rodasky refused to communicate with the prisoners, they retaliated by ignoring him.

"He expected his wife yesterday. Instead he got a letter, telling him she was going to get a divorce. That's always the end. First they think they can stand being without a man but they soon learn better. Accept it as part of your punishment, I told Ritter, but would he listen to me?" He saw the smile in Simeon's eyes and added: "She's late today, isn't she? Well, maybe the gentleman who came up with her the other time made her late."

Simeon didn't know that Anne had not been alone on her trips to visit him. That she must have new friends had never occurred to him before. The sudden realization of how completely wrapped up he was in himself was no less a shock than the feeling of helplessness which now seized him.

They walked along the narrow passage, through a gate which Becker unlocked and relocked, up an iron staircase, along another passage and entered a room in which a guard sat writing. From here a door led into an anteroom, which was divided into two parts by an iron-mesh screen. On both sides of the screen stood chairs.

ALL these past months, Anne and Simeon had met here. Though they were allowed to talk in privacy with the door to the guard's office closed. Grote had never permitted them another occasion like that first one in March when, on the ramparts, he had presented them with an illusion of freedom.

Simeon sat down to wait and closed his eyes. When he looked up again it was because he heard the door open and close.

"I'm sorry," Anne said. "I didn't mean to keep you waiting. I was talking to Grote. . . ." For a moment her face, pressed to the screen, was strangely divided into hundreds of tiny little squares, as if the hand of a vandal had made pencil marks all over it.

"Anything new?" The question burst from his lips despite himself. There was no time to ask how she was, or who the man was Becker had mentioned; no time to ask anything not relevant to the immediate situation.

Anne shook her head, gently, as she had shaken it so often ever since that day when she had come to Felseck for the second time. But instead of saying, "Not yet. We really can't expect to have found one of them, yet," she remained silent, and this silence told Simeon that her courage, which had kept his alive, was running low.

"Six months," he said. "Six whole months and we have accomplished nothing."

The girl put a hand up to the screen in a tender motion as if she wanted to caress him. "But we have," she said. "A little. We have eliminated Red. We know he emigrated to Canada in forty-eight. We know that none of the others have applied for emigration papers. And we've managed to place several advertisements in the Czech papers."

"Without avail. I told you none of them would let themselves be repatriated by the Russians. You've got to look for them in Germany."

"How can you be so sure?"

Simeon didn't answer right away. Ever since it had begun to dawn on him that Paul had lied to him, he couldn't be sure of anything. "You are wasting your time and money," he said. "Drop it. Stop it all. Grote was right when he said if any of them had any decency left they would have come forward long ago."

"I never really expected that any of them would. I always put my hopes on the detectives and the police and I still do."

"If only we could find Paul."

"Oh, Simeon! How can you think that a man who tricked you into such a confession so that he might go free, would let himself be caught? No. We have to forget Paul and concentrate on finding a witness."

He laughed, a laugh ugly with doubt. She ignored it. A feeling of guilt overwhelmed her suddenly, not only because she was free to move about at will and to decide things for herself but, in a deeper sense, because she had already forgotten what it meant to be a prisoner. "I'm sorry I seem depressed today. I'm just tired, that's all."

"Forgive me," he said. "One gets the craziest ideas, locked up here, waiting, waiting. Who is the man who comes here with you? Becker told me you don't come alone."

"He's an Englishman," she told him. "Robert Sawyer. I met him on his furlough in Paris two years ago. He's stationed here. He knows about you. He was the one who helped me find you in the end. He's a good friend. . . . Don't let's lose hope yet. It's only October. It we aren't any further by Christmas, we must try to get the French Government interested in your case. Perhaps they will do something about a retrial."

"They won't."

"But there are always some people who never give up fighting for justice. Yours is a fantastic story and properly channelled. . . ."

"It'll take years."

"And if it does . . . ?"

"You are free," he said. "You can't understand."

Anne rose. She stood on tiptoe and pressed her face against his through the screen. He could feel her breath, warm and sweet and close. "No, I am not free. No more than you are. True, I can move about freely, but I move in the dark."

"Time's up," said the guard's voice behind him. There followed the hasty last words, frenzied and empty, like the phrases on a railway station when the train is pulling out.

"Staying at the same hotel?"

"At the Four Seasons."

"When are you going back to Paris?"

"Tomorrow afternoon. Anything you want, Simeon? Books, cigarettes? Anything you need?"

"Nothing. I got your parcel. Thanks. Oh, Anne, Anne."

"I love you Simeon."

A last look. "You'll write?"

"Of course I'll write. Don't lose hope."

"When are you coming again?"

"December seventh."

It was always the same. Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, Anne's expected visit would build up in his mind until shortly before the set hour anticipation had grown gigantic. Then, when he finally saw her, the anti-climax set in almost at once, with a pain so excruciating, he felt physically torn apart. All his pent-up longing and hope blacked out and the words he uttered were automatic, bearing only the faintest resemblance to what he had felt or planned.

She had gone before he realized fully that she had actually been there. Before he had lived the moment it was already a memory, something to be remembered in his waking hours and in the dreams of his troubled sleep, every word etched on his mind to be recalled and searched for a possible different meaning. Then the whole thing started all over again, in horrifying repetition. Next time . . . next time he must tell her what couldn't be said in censored letters. Next time. Would she have some result next time?

Next time was December 7. Sixty-one days to go. Sixty-one days, interrupted only by letters Grote or one of his clerks had read first, which, Simeon couldn't help feeling, were written with a constant awareness that his spirits needed a lift. Perhaps it wasn't even true that those advertisements had been placed in Czechoslovakian papers, or certain that Red had left for Canada. Perhaps it was written and said only to make him believe that something was being done for him. He must ask her next time. . . .

HE brooded about Paul. At first he had not been able to believe it but, racking his brain in the long solitary hours of night, the question why Paul should have lied had demanded an answer.

There must have been a reason for the lie. To find the reason, once you had started doubting and were no longer handicapped by preconceived ideas of friendship and loyalty, had been terrifyingly easy.

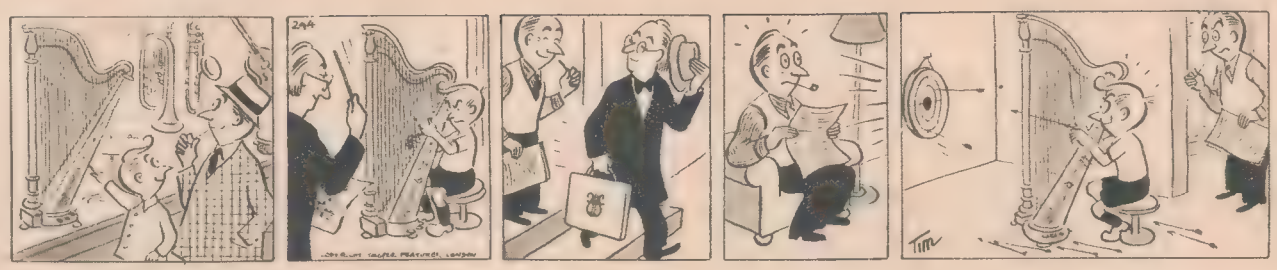
The anger that had followed the realization of why Paul had lied was agonizingly alive in him. Nothing could be believed now of what Paul had told him, about his nationality, his profession, his having served on a submarine, what he had said about his first lieutenant, Bohlen, who had reported him for insubordination. Bohlen. The name had vanished from Simeon's memory until now.

Lately, Simeon was secretly obsessed with the idea that he was going crazy. He could feel it coming on in waves, lunacy lapping at his mind, threatening his sanity, singing of freedom. He had to be free.

When had the idea first crossed his mind? When he had looked down from the ramparts? When he had realized Paul's trickery? When he had counted the days that separated him from Anne's next visit? Or when he had remembered the name Bohlen? Simeon didn't know at what precise moment he had accepted escape as a possibility

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



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but now he knew that he had to try.

There was only one way to attempt a break, only one way that held a remote chance of success. Simeon undressed slowly. Slowly, he slipped between the covers of his cot. Fleetingly, he smiled as his hand touched the sheets. Yes, they had finally issued him linen. The sheets might come in handy.

He lay back, crossing his arms beneath his head. I'll find Paul, he thought, or Red, Anton, Valentin—one of them. He knew he was crazy, but he was very quiet. Crazy or suicidal, it was the same. From the chapel inside the courtyard, the hours rang out, the quarter, the half, the three-quarter, then the full hour. He listened. And, out in the passage, Becker listened, too.

At ten o'clock sharp, Becker thought, he would go off duty not to return for a full twenty-four hours. Liselotte didn't know that he would see her tonight. He had it planned as a big surprise. His hand slipped into one of the pockets of his jacket and fingered the little box with the ring he had bought last week in Munich. He wondered what she would look like when he proposed. Suddenly he heard a small noise behind him. He started. It was only a huge rat, scurrying down the passage, but somehow the rodent reminded him of Rodasky, of the night he had found him almost dead of rat poisoning. The Pole had been in a black mood ever since his girl had left. There was nothing peculiar about that, Becker knew; still, he decided to look in at everybody in his block. It would be a nice gesture, too, towards young Heinrich, who, in about twenty minutes, was going on duty for the first time, to be able to tell him that everything was correct.

The moment he came up to Simeon's cell he heard the moan. Becker stood still. Not again, he thought. Not tonight! The swine! He pushed his flashlight through the peephole. No mistake about it. Rodasky had done it again. How had he managed to find poison for a second time? Had the girl slipped him some? What a fool the "Seal" was to allow Rodasky a visit without guards.

BECKER let the light play across the cot, across the body writhing in pain. The temptation to close the window and walk away, to let Rodasky die and be done with . . . he wouldn't even have to tell Heinrich. Heinrich would take his word for it if he said everything was quiet, and not look in. But there also arose in Becker a picture of the "Seal" dismissing him for negligence, and the ring in his pocket would never gleam on Liselotte's soft, fat finger.

A fresh moan of pain rang out and Becker, as if he had already lost too much valuable time standing there, pondering what to do, unlocked the door, forgetting in his sudden hurry to press the button that signalled the control board.

"Get up!" he said. "You pig! Get up before you mess up the cell again. Get up, I tell you! To the sick bay. You couldn't be more wrong than to think I'd get the doctor and the stretcher down here again."

He poked Simeon. Simeon moved. Becker watched him try to get up and fall back. He wasn't going to stay here, wait for help, make a report. He was going to get Rodasky up to the hospital as quickly as possible and leave everything else to

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the guard before the "Seal" heard about it, or he'd never get away in time. He bent, and, the moment he bent, Simeon's arms shot up, closed around his throat, dragging him down, down, before he had a chance to cry out.

He was always after me, Becker thought dimly. *He always intended to kill me.* No use trying to struggle against the merciless hands on his windpipe. Yet he fought with the instinct of self preservation.

Careful, careful, Simeon told himself. I mustn't kill him. Of all things, I mustn't kill him. Lord help me. He withdrew one of his hands and knocked the guard under the chin with all the strength he could muster.

Becker, paralysed by the knowledge that what he had feared since he had first known Rodasky had at last come true, fell like a sack across the cot. Simeon forced a torn piece of his shirt between the guard's mouth before he moved noiselessly on bare feet across the cell to the open door and closed it gently. Then he worked quickly. . . .

The dimly lit passage lay before Simeon. For a second he stood trembling in Becker's uniform and waited for the trembling to stop, simply stood there, listening. Suddenly a shadow fell upon the wall and he jumped. Then he realized that it was a guard, coming down the winding iron staircase. Feigning unawareness, he pretended to finish his rounds, walked up to the next cell,

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

opened the peephole, flashed his light, went up to the next and the next until he reached the gate that separated Block 2 from the staircase. There he stopped short. Which was the key that would open it? He hesitated, turning his back, and while his heart raced, Heinrich, eager to please, stuck his own key into the lock.

"Should be oiled," he said and stepped back. Thank God, Simeon thought. He's more concerned with the lock than with me. He didn't dare speak, but merely raised two fingers to his visored cap, his head turned sharply sidewards.

There was the staircase leading up to freedom. On its top landing stood another guard. He looked half asleep. Simeon walked softly up the stairs, his face lowered, pretending to adjust his cap, not knowing when he had passed the man because the visor covered the upper part of his face. He heard the man call after him: "My best to Liselotte," and he waved over his shoulder.

Two doors, one on the right, one on the left. The one on the left, he knew, led to the office on the third floor, the room in which, only this afternoon, he had seen Anne. He wasn't sure where the right one led to. The way to the workshops had always been along the end of the passage below, a way he hadn't dared take now, but he had to find the way down.

He opened the door to the right—a corridor; doors on either side—and stood like a dog that has lost the scent, sniffing the air. And through the silence of the night came the sad, thin sound of a mouth-organ. The guard in the entrance, whiling the time away.

THE sound of the music guided him. He walked along the corridor in the opposite direction and found a wooden staircase, leading down steep, worn steps, to the entrance. The guard didn't take his instrument from his lips, nor did he look up. Simeon passed him on the high C and the music stopped. Simeon stopped with it.

From the corner of his eyes he saw the room to the left, saw the board, small, white cards stuck into its many slits. He coughed, covered his mouth with Becker's handkerchief, coughed into it, went over to the board, sweat pouring over his whole body. He found the name "Becker" and punched the clock.

"Your gun," a voice said, suddenly.

Simeon felt his hands shake *I'm going to use it,* he thought. *Nobody is going to stop me now.* He loosened the holster which snapped across the belt.

"A man in love," said the voice, and only then Simeon realized that the mouth-organ player had spoken, nobody else. "Is there anything more foolish than a man in love? Liselotte wouldn't like it if you got arrested carrying arms outside the prison."

Somehow Simeon managed to laugh. "Good night." To his surprise his voice sounded clipped and high, like Becker's.

"Some people have all the luck," the guard said. "Well, once you're married, you'll find out it isn't the same."

Simeon walked to the door, opened it, closed it. Before him lay the courtyard, brightly lit by long, powerful beams, a shadowless, white oval in the dark of night, and the guards at the gate. A few hundred yards, only a few hundred yards, and still two men could stop him.

To be continued next week

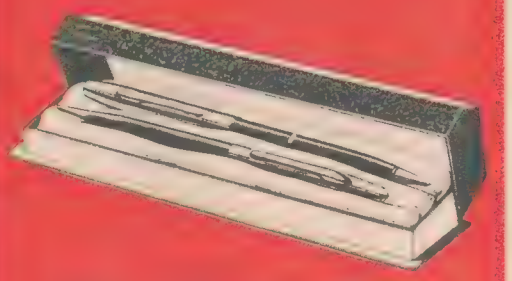
Santa Says Scroll

De-Luxe "Scroll" Ball Pens

"Scroll" NANETTE. Milady's pen with gay tassel. Handsome rhodium plated cap. In unique gift box. 12/6

THE GOLDEN "Scroll." The pen for presentation. GOLD FILLED THROUGHOUT. In distinguished gift case. 29/6

"Scroll" DIPLOMAT. Handsome rhodium plated cap. Black barrel. The Executive's pen. In gift carton. 12/6



"Scroll" TWIN SET. Comprising "Scroll" DIPLOMAT PEN and companion Propelling Pencil to match. In handsome gift case. 29/6

"Scroll" Propelling Pencil with 4-inch lead and visible eraser. 1/11

Do you know *anybody* who wouldn't like a Scroll Ball Pen for Christmas (not forgetting yourself)? *Everybody* wants these smooth gliding, long writing, trouble free pens.

●

Refills fitted in split second.

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At all Stationers

SCRIB LTD.,
TEDDINGTON, MIDDX.

BALL PEN

Scroll

WHO'S NEXT FOR A CELEBRATION?

TRIPLE 1st PRIZE £500 CASH PLUS HAMPER and Celebration Weekend

£50, £25—each plus Hamper and Celebration Weekend for Two.

Winners and chosen companions will be invited to JOHN BULL'S New Year celebration party in London. Arrangements include conducted tour of London, trip to Windsor, seats for Olympia Circus and Celebration Party to meet Johnny Goodbullet, the *Bullets* bulldog and the famous ARCHIE ANDREWS.

(Extra cheque if preferred to Week-end Award.)

2 of £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s. each plus NEW YEAR HAMPER

30 NEW YEAR HAMPERS

2,000 PRIZES of 2s. 6d.

NOVEL SURPRISE BONUSES

—see coupon below

BLOWING out the thirty-eight candles on *Bullets* Birthday cake, here is First Prize-winner J. H. Murley of Camborne, one of the twenty-two guests at JOHN BULL'S recent Celebration Party. "My wife and I will never forget what a grand time we had!" declared "Bulleteer" Murley.

Now comes your opportunity to join JOHN BULL'S next merry gathering of *Bullets* winners. Archie Andrews will be there, so will Johnny Goodbullet (the *Bullets* bulldog) — and you can join the New Year Party to celebrate winning £500 with your coupon below!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Baby 1951
In Winter's Grip
Our Right
To A Man
Must Be Strong
God Of Speed
At The Next Election
Deliberately
Gathering Of The Clans
Without Fear
Can't Be Too Careful, So
Going Grey
Domestic Pantomime
In Trouble
At The Hunt Ball
Mopped Up
A Woman's Intuition
Pins And Needles
Economizing
What Jones Said To Smith

Incomplete "Examples" see instructions

International .....
To Find.....
Listening For The .....
That .....Next Door
..... Object
Along Came The.....And

"Bullets" Winners 1,758

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Hamper: Mrs. G. Williams, 87 Prestbury Road, Cheltenham: CAROLLING WE CARRY *HIS* "LANTERN"

£50 plus Hamper: J. P. Brandon, 28 Woodstock Avenue, Grangetown, Sunderland: PUTS YEARS ON ONE—SIDE, ONE BESIDE ONE.

£25 plus Hamper: H. Eva, 6 Headland Road, Newquay: OUR VILLAGE TEAM—PLAY *Assassination* FOOTBALL, APPARENTLY!

OTHER AWARDS: £20: B. Dinsdale, 30 Stone Road, Great Yarmouth: OUT IN THE COLD—"BABE," BEFORE "LOG" COOLS! £15: F. Evans, 5 Burrows Road, Melincrythan, Neath: IF WE HAVE BIGGEST—STICK—PERCH FOR "DOVE"? £10: A. V. Hibbert, 11 Oakwood Avenue, Audenshaw, Manchester: IF WE HAVE POSTMEN—FOR "RUNNERS," BETS LEGALIZED! £9: Mrs. E. C. Drake, New Alves, Mosstowie, Elgin, N.B.: PUTS YEARS ON POST-OFFICE—YEARLY—CHRISTMAS *Parcels* "GIVING." £8: R. McGuire, 14 Victoria Street, Bury: PUTS YEARS ON PENSIONER — COST OF *Half* LIVING. £7: Mrs. J. Rimmer, 11 Allandale, Blackpool: IT WAS A GOOD IDEA, BUT — GIRDER ONLY *Stunned* FOREMAN! £6: W. F. Gould, "Hillcote," Bristol Road, Sherborne: OUR VILLAGE TEAM—ON CROSS-BAR, WATCHING BULL!

(Above 7 winners each also receives Hamper.)

For five winners of £5 plus Hamper, and five of £2 10s. plus Hamper, see *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated December 9.

Winners of 100 Fowls have been notified, and 2,000 2s. 6d. Postal Orders posted.

CHRISTMAS THROUGH THE POST

Continued from page 20

had a monopoly. Then, when the British supply was cut off, the U.S. began making its own cards. Finally, during the second World War, other customers became self-sufficient.

"Nationalism," he says with a sigh, "is partly responsible, too. People want the home-made affairs. Even old friends like Canada and Australia make it difficult for us to introduce our cards now." Everywhere, he says, they are up against severe local competition with the added disadvantage of high tariffs.

In America, the firm relies on the "class" appeal of British manufacture to offset these disadvantages. British cards with the best sale in the United States are lithographs and authentic coloured engravings of London and British scenes. Other good lines are a comic series called *The Little Guardsman*, a set of reproductions of places here which correspond to places in America and a series which is a modernistic treatment of the Victorian era.

Of all the testimonials the firm has ever received from satisfied customers, the one in which Mr. Desmond takes most pride is from a high-ranking staff officer in the United States Army. "You will be glad to know," the officer wrote simply, "that the calendars were very much appreciated."

Pictures With A Secret

The calendars to which he referred were innocuous looking affairs bearing a reproduction of a picture of the Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock. According to the printed text they were distributed by the Mayflower Fellowship Society. The real distributor was the United States Secret Service. When immersed in water the Pilgrim Fathers and the cardboard backing on which they rested disintegrated, leaving a tissue-thin, water-repellant and practically indestructible lining on which was printed a map or some other secret document. The process was invented during the war and it is Mr. Desmond's boast that while it was being developed only three people in the organization knew about it. "We don't know how many boys got out of prison camps with our paper," he says proudly.

By the middle of December, when everybody else is enmeshed in Christmas programmes, Mr. Desmond is looking forward to St. Valentine's day and Easter. The season, however, is not forgotten. For Christmas, every member of his organization gets a bonus and his immediate staff gets personal gifts. But nobody gets a Christmas card. THE END

Birthday cards are now being printed by Messrs. Raphael Tuck from ten of JOHN BULL'S *cover paintings, and will soon be on sale at stationers' and newsagents' shops throughout the country.*

Six paintings are by Douglas L. Mays: "Little Boy and Girl in the Woods" (April 16, 1949), "The Kids Help in the Kitchen" (June 18, 1949), "Passing the Buck" (October 15, 1949), "A Quiet Game of Cards" (December 3, 1949), "Tossing the Pancake" (February 18, 1950), "Little Girl Making Up" (May 13, 1950). Two paintings are by Tim: "Boxer Puppy and Telephone" (October 29, 1949), "Boxer Puppy, Kitten and Bone" (September 9, 1950). William Showell's "Boy and Hyacinth" (February 12, 1949) and Yates Wilson's "Christening of the Sailor's Baby" (March 26, 1949) are also being reproduced.

CASH AND FINE NEW XWORD PRIZES!

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 715**

2. There are occasions when the designs of these have to be changed
4. When weighing up merits of runners, you can't ignore this entirely
5. There are times when a father will give his son this
6. A few these can make a big hole in your cheese ration
8. On almost any good, large-scale, local map you'll find one indicated as such
9. One is unlikely to attack you without reason
12. This may describe an enclosure
13. A great many aren't on the level
14. Really heavy fall of snow makes travelling slower by this

Down Clues

1. You get a kind of this with mustard
3. Should have a good head
7. Trying to be diplomatic makes some men
9. Manufacturer of one realizes comfort isn't everything
10. They take withdrawals quite coolly
11. They are quite human whatever some people think

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 JOHNNY-BASKETS

each value £2

Strong but elegant Shopping Baskets made by blind workers and filled with larder luxuries—one with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over

UP TO

500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES

one for each 2nd Runner-up

£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 710

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Choir. 3, Smug. 5, Pates. 6, Mag. 7, Cook. 13, Kingly. 14, Ports. DOWN: 1, Cake. 2, Roar. 4, Game. 8, Oaks. 9, Hack. 10, Deal. 11, Grip. 12, Hats.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: H. Stanley, 47 Rennets Wood Road, London, S.E.9. Winner also receives Grand Xmas Dinner.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 9 entrants, each of whom receives Xmas Fowl and Pudding in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

£100 and "FOOD-PLUS" Prizes for this XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **715** Closing Postmark, Monday, Jan. 1

I enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Jan. 13

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated Jan. 20, and in JOHN BULL, dated Jan. 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

SECOND BIG "BULLETS" OFFER OF 1951

coming in "Bulletin" dated January 13—apply on coupon below.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,763 (or Xword 715), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE ..... **6d.**

BULLET

EX. ..... **6d.**

B.

EX. ..... **6d.**

B.

EX. ..... **6d.**

B.

NOVEL and VALUABLE SURPRISE BONUSES

A novel Surprise Presentation accompanies each of this week's 30 Hamper Prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

Closing Postmark, **1,763** MON., JAN. 1

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value. .....

No. .....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

FOR NEW YEAR "BULLETIN," APPLY on this COUPON

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for eight weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE. If requiring single copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

P.O. 1s. No.....

For Introductory copy of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Jan. 13.

STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

576

Do not send cash unless registered. Cross postal orders or cheques. Keep counterfoils of P.O.s.

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LATEST FROM U.S.A.

2-Way WRAP-OVER SHIRT

Beautifully made in a super Heavy Spun Rayon material, this exclusive new style 2-way WRAP-OVER SHIRT can be worn with collar either open or closed as illustrated. Ideal for all-the-year round wear. This Four-Season Shirt, designed by leading Shirt Specialist, is available in:

Colours: Cream, Blue, White, Navy, Grey, Brown, Maroon.

Sizes: 14-14½ (small) 15-15½ (medium) 16-16½ (large)

Please state second colour when ordering.

37/6

Money refunded if not satisfied. Post & packing 9d.

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24-PIECE CANTEEN of CUTLERY

29/6 Post 1/6

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Warranted wool and hair milled Felt—will wear twice as long as other felt carpeting. Corafelt, with its rubber impregnated base, is draughtproof, moth proof, will not ruck and can be cut to any shape without fraying. Corafelt requires no binding and no underfelt. Samples forwarded on receipt of 1/- which is refunded if samples returned. Guaranteed fully

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BIG DOLL—SMALL PRICE

I WALK I TALK I SIT I SLEEP

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21/- 1/- Post or C.O.D. 1/- Extra

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Post and packing 1/6.

Dusty Pink, Laurel Green, Navy, Black, Misty Grey, Cherry, Lido Blue, Brown, Violet.

Please state 2nd choice.

Money refund guarantee.

NORMAN BRAHAM & CO. (Dept. J.B.1)

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REPEATS PROVE GENUINENESS

For Winter Warmth and Comfort

ORDER NOW! PRICES ARE RISING

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Size 70 x 100. **35/-** PER PAIR **40/-** Size 80 x 100.

Taffeta Brocade WADDED QUILTS

Super Quality. Size 6 x 5. State Colour Rose, Green or Gold. Each **37/-**

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For A.C. Mains. Powerful instrument, 4 Receiving and 1 Rectifying Valve, illuminated Glass Scale, improved Speaker, Slow Motion Tuning. Sockets for Ex. Speaker & Gram. Pickup. Plastic Cabinet 15 x 9¼ x 7½in. **£17 : 17 : 4**

25/10 Now and **19/6** Monthly.

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Waist- or threequarter-length in biscuit colour or brown. With real fur collars, two pockets and full-length zip front.

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Type H. 5-cell 15" long 3½" dia. head

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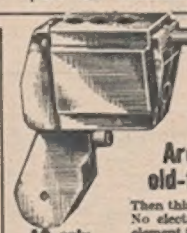

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Are you fed-up with your old-fashioned soldering iron?

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BURGOYNE 7-SECOND SOLDER GUN

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CORDUROY SLACKS

LADIES, 24/32 waist. Brown, Green, Navy, Fawn, Grey, Maroon ... ... *(postage 1/6)* **59/6**

MEN'S, 2 side and hip pockets. P.T.U. Waist 30/42, inside leg 29/33. Colours as above. *Postage 1/6* **63/-**

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4 for 13/6

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LADIES' OUTSIZE COTTON INTERLOCK EMBROIDERED LONG-SLEEVE NIGHT-DRESS, O.S. ONLY. *Postage 1/-* **15/6**

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Every pair guaranteed. Special reblocking treatment at our Factory gives new appearance and extra hard wear. Perfect for HEAVY WORK, OUTDOOR and GARDEN WORK. Please state size.

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OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN ANY SALE

Special offer of super quality winter-weight medium grey outsize FLANNELS. Full cut, 3 pockets, P.T.U., extension belt. Wsts.: 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54. **34/6**

Legs: 29, 31, 33. Bargain Price Wsts.: 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40. **27/9**

Legs: 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36-in., **20/-**

Superior Quality FLANNELS, cut for the Big man, 3 pockets, P.T.U., belt loops, extension belt. In med. or dark Grey, or Grey Chalk Stripes.

Wsts.: 42, 44, 46, 48. **52/9**

Legs: 29, 31, 33, 34.

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SPECIAL OFFER of extra quality Medium Grey Flannels, full cut, 3 pockets, P.T.U.'s, extension band. **42/6**

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Buy now before new increase of price. 1/- Post on all above items. C.O.D. if preferred.

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BECAUSE

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* *Which Twin has the Toni?* Joy and Miriam Pearse are identical twins. Joy, on the left, has the Toni. She says: " I'm thrilled with my Toni. It looks and feels so soft and natural."

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